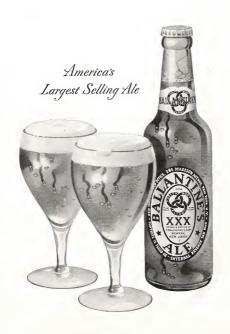
FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE





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DECEMBER, 1949



12

"I'LL HANG FOR THIS!"..... A bold impersonation failed

An alihi was destroyed The policy racket was ripped CLUE OF THE GLOVE...... 38

It fitted the slover He was laughing as he killed 42 MURDER'S NO JOKE ... COVER PHOTO BY PAGANO

POSTMASTER: Please send natics on Fam 357 gaid opper returned under Lakel Fam 3579 261 htts Avenue, New York 16, New Yor



A CHAT with the chief

ON A BRIGHT September morning, as the East emerged from a blistering summer, a young man went betserk in Camden, N. J., and shot and killed 12 anocent persons in half as many minutes Five others were wounded, one fatally before police overcame 27-year-old How ard Unruh and carted him off to a psycho nathic ward for examination

The slaughter made newspaper bead lines from coast to coast. Back and forth the question was bandled, was Unruh sanc or crazy? Should he be tried for murder or bapitalized? The sad futility of all argument on this score was that it was mmaterial—perhaps even to Unruh—what happened to him. The only possible profit to be reclaimed from the horror of his deadly rampage lay in the discovery of what, if anything, could be done to prevent similar carnage in the future Because Unruh, a veteran and a

fancier, used a war souvenir pistol, one newspaper chain began a campaign to col-lect and deactivate all such battlefield sect and descrivate an such fathermore momentoes. While there is no accurate census of these guns, there are probably at least half a million of them in the

In New York, where the well-known Sullivan law more or less effectively keeps Grearms out of the possession of all but crooks and cops, a few vets turned in their souvenirs and a few hysterical wives turned in husbands who had such weerons and insisted upon keeping them, But on the whole, the newspaper crusade had about as much practical value as a pro-posal to drain the Atlantic Ocean to prevent bathing beach drownings The second approach to the Unruh tragedy assumed that the young war vet-

eran was mentally iil, a paranoid tor-mented by the delusion that people were persecuting him. There was evidence to support this theory; Unruh himself exsupport this massage as his way of punish-ing neighbors who "goosiped" about him Unruh's outburst paralleled in some degree the rampage last Easter Sunday of George McIntyre, a 24-year-old veteran in Pullman, Wash.

Like Unruh, McIntyre was a gun col-(Continued on page 48)

Wanted!



MORLEY VER-NON KING-Wanted in Los An-

times wears glasses. This man has a hig chool education and may be found work ing as a cook, sailor or salesman. lition to English, King speaks French Italian and Spanish. He bears a 1-inch sear at tip of right eyebrow and his right leg is shorter than left, causing a slight Pingerprint elassification:

ED LOGAN MOSELEY-Wanted in Mississppi and Tennessee auto theft in

portation of stolen

PORTEDLY ARMED UND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS. He is 35 5 teet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He sorks as an electrician, restaurant workor tenant farmer, and has a pleasing per-onality. This man usually is accompanied by a woman and children, He bears a sear at edge of right evebrow, cut scar es left little finger and has large mole on

right law. Fingerprint classification;



tall and weighs 170 bair, thin in front, blue eyes, a ruddy complexion and a medium build. East Tennessee Bonding Company, 212 West Hill Avenue, Knoxville, offers a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of

this criminal. Fingerprint classification: aR.2a

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Constable Clarence Reed operoted strictly solo. He didn't know he was up against killers.

PHERE WAS no way of knowing that the "something big" Constable Clarence Reed of Franklin, Tenn., predicted for the night of January 28, 1944, would be

If Reed himself had suspected it, he undoubtedly would bave accepted the aid offered him by Williamson County Sheriff Earl Gatlin. But the Franklin official was a lone Jack who pre-ferred to operate solo and prided himself on the low crime rate in his area.

his own murder

All Reed would say was that "something big is breaking," on that cold winter night.

"It's foolish to tackle these things alone when you can have all the help you need," Sheriff Gathn told him in a worried voice. "You know you're welcome to any man

I've got. Reed, sitting across the desk in the sheriff's office, shook his head firmly. "Thanks. But too many of us might scare away the quarry. I'd better take care of it myself." He stood up, adjusted his broad brimmed Stetson and buttoned his overcoat. "If I see I'm going to need







Sheriff Earl Gottin sensed danger. These bloodhounds, with their owner, Fleeing the scene of their crime (X), He urged his associate to take more. Jim Maroble, were pressed into ser- one tiller drove off in his truck and men along, but Read wouldn't litten. vice, but the scent was last in a creek, the other rocad across fields (right).

The lawman's words were tragically prophetic.

The "something big" was a vicious murder . . . the victim was himself



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FLUEGER A GREAT NAME IN TACKLE belp, there'll be plenty of time to call you But he proved a poor prophet. Less than jour hours later, at 6:30 r.m., he was dead. Shot in the back with his own pistol He lay face down in the dirt at the side of the highway on the outskirts of the small, but fabulously rich, community of Brentwood midway between Franklin and Nashville. His arms, not yet rigid in death were outstretched and blood seeped from the wounds in his back, staining his gray

top cost. Nearby stood has automobile, towards the shoulder of the road. handbroke was set and the motor was still

"It looks," Sheriff Gatlin said, "like he might have cut in front of a car to ston it. I wonder if anyone saw what actually

happened?"
W. C. O'Lee, chunky chief of the Middle Tennessee division of the state highway patrel, nodded. "I think the woman who called us saw it all," he replied some men to try and find her. We haven't been able to do much except keep the

traffic moving Gatlin, who had just arrived, told O'Lee Gathn, who had just arrived, told O'Lee about his earlier conversation with the dead man. "He needed help all right," be sheriff concluded. "Flenty of it. But Clarence wasn't afraid of the Devil himself. He loved nothing better than to wall in single-handed wherever there was

"This is one time he got more than he argained for," O'Lee said. bargained for. hargained for." O see east.

Two state officers came up, bringing with
them an attractive woman in her early 30s.

"This is Mrs. Rohert Ozborne," one of
the troopers said. "She's the lady who colled no

O'Lee turned to the waman. "Tell us everything you saw."
Still shaken by the gruesome scene she had witnessed, the woman rubbed the palms of her hands together nervously, and kept glancing around as though she expected the gunman to strike again at any

She pointed to a small bungalow 60 feet south, "I was inside piaying with my two children," she said, "when I heard a siren, then brakes screeching. I saw that car..." She indicated Reed's automobile with a wave of one hand. ". . . parked just as it is now. And right about here there, was a

A truck? Are you sure "Certainly, I was scared but not so much that I wouldn't know the difference between a truck and an automobile

O'Lee nodded. "Go on "
"Well, this man—the one who was shot came back to the truck and ordered the driver out. They appeared to be arguing and I saw him . . "She glaneed fearfully at the body on the ground." chmb up and look into the bed of the truck At the same instant, Mrs. Ozborne con-tinued, the driver snatched Reed down and

they began scuffling. A second man piled out of the truck and joined his partner. Together they unarmed the constable and as he raced for cover one of the men shot down from behind O'Lee, sickened by the recital of the cowardly crime, asked, "Can you describe

'Tm not sure. It was getting quite dark and . "Just do the best you can, please. This could be very important" Her descriptions were vague

The driver was dressed in dark clothing and a dark hat, she said. His friend was shorter and wore a packet, dark trousers and light shirt, open at the collar. Mrs. Oxborns wasn't sure but she thought the latter was the one who fired the shots.

"How about the truck?" O'Lee prodded "Did you get a good look at it "No, sir," came the disappearing ana wooden bed. But I didn't see the license number, or anything like that Okay. After the shooting what hap-

Gunman Left Behind

"The driver of the truck hopped inside and drove off towards Nashville" The chief's face mirrored surprise. "He left his buddy behind"

"That's right. The second man ran across

the highway and disappeared through that field over there." And that was all. O'Lee dismissed the woman and wheeled to face Gatlin. "If one of those punks is on foot we might be able to run him down. Maybe we'd better get the bloodhounds here."
"Good idea," Gatlin agreed. He looked at his watch; saw it was 7 o'clock. "We're

not more than 30 manutes behind him From his petrol car, O'Lee sent radioed descriptions of the two men and the truck to the dispatcher and requested that he call Jim Marable, veteran dog handler at the state prison in West Nashville. Immediately, the disputcher's voice be-an droning through the "mike," strategleally locating patrol cars in the area and repeating the meager descriptions

Officers in Franklin quickly established a road block at the river bridge leading into the city in the event the killers might into the city in the event the killers might try to double back. Nashville city police to the north were instructed to keep a sharp lookout for tracks. The Belle Meade police roared in from the west, hoping to cut off the escape of the slayer, thoughi still to be on foot

When O'Lee returned to the side of the road, he found the Williamson County coroner completing a cursory examination of the body. "Shot twice," the coroner "Both slugs struck him square between the shoulders. He probably never knew what hit him After ordering the body removed to a

Franklin mortuary, he asked "Any idea what it was all about?" Gutlin abook his head "And we're going to need plenty of luck to find out, The soft dirt on the shoulder of the road gave up only two possible ciues: The

heavy imprint of a truck tire and several blurred footprints which may or may not have been made by the killers Underneath Reed's automobile, search-ers found the constable's handcuffs, ar-

parently kicked there during the scuffle.

Across the highway, about 50 feet from
where the body had lain, they found his
leather holster which had been ripped loose from his belt when the alayers anatched his weapon from him.
"Not much to go on." Gatim declared gradgingly. "No pieces of torn clothing:

nothing that might help us identity them even if we catch up with them." Maybe the boys checking the highway will turn up something One pair of deputies, assigned to this tedions task did uncover a lend

At a service station just outside Franklin they located a witness who said he had seen Reed less than 20 minutes before his death "He pulled up out front and parked." traffic and a few minutes later he whipped out of here in a hurry Was he after somebody?' a deputy

"That I wouldn't know. But just before he pulled out a truck went by like a had out of hell. We thought maybe Read was going to drag him in for speeding."

The two officers pricked up their ears at teention of a truck. "Did you recognize

mention of a truck. "Did you recognize it or the direct".

"I only got a glimpse as it went by," the attendant said. "One of the boys bere remarked that it looked a lot like Joe Maritia's truck." He passed, looked plaquingly at the officers. "Flut doe"t get me involved in this thing, Martin is one of my best

informed of this lead, Gatlin and O'Lee left Trooper Captain J. J. Jackson in charge at the scene and took off for Joe change at the scene and took on for soc Martin's trucking farm in the vicinity of Grazzny White Pike, west of Franklin Road. Twenty minutes later they pulled up in Twenty missiles (ager they plane) up in frost of an expensive looking residence near the Davidson-Williamson County line. O'Lee noticed a light in the living room. Moments later the door opened, revealing a short, slender man of about 35, with thin-ning hair and slightly stooped shoulders. "Your name Joe Martin?" the chief

"That's right." Then, seeing O'Lee's khaki uniform, he saked, "Is there some-thing wrong?"
"That all depends. You own a truck?"

Martin said he did.

Martin said he did.

"May we take a look at it?"

"Tm afraid that's impossible right at
the moment I loaned it out this afternoon." "You're sure you weren't driving it on Franklin Road an hour or so ago?" O'Lee

"Of course I wasn't, I haven't been out of the bouse all evening. My wife will verify that, What's this all about, anyway?"

The chief told him, adding, "A witness thought he saw Reed chasing your truck just a few minutes before be was killed. We'll have to know to whom you lent that truck"

Martin looked frightened. "Certainly, you will. Although I can't believe either of those boys would get themselves invalved in snything like-like murder. "You let two hove have the truck?" "You let two boys have the truck?"

"Not exactly," Martin corrected. "I let
Charlie Scott borrow it to take a load of
timber to Columbia, but I heard him say
that Carl Moore was going along to help
birs load and unload." Martin bad not heard from either of the

men since, although he had expected them back long ago. It appeared that the truck owner was innocent—but Scott and Moore—that was

a different story. What Was in Truck?

Columbia was south of Franklin and in order to reach Martin's place the boys would have bad to travel that portion of what reason would they have for

The investigators were reasonably cer-The investigators were reasonably cer-tain that the constable had been looking for something specific when be examined the truck bed. What did he expect to find

hidden there? After making certain that an ampl amount of patrolmen were deployed around the Martin farm to render it impossible for anyone to go in or out without being seen, the state police chief and the sheriff returned to the scene. Captain Jackson's watch had been with-

out event. A canvass of bomes and service stations in the vicinity had vielded

mothing.
"How about Reed's widow?" O'Lee suggested. "Maybe she knew what case he was interested im?"
"I doubt it," Gattin decided. "And, frankly, I've been putting off breaking the



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news to her as long as possible. She's go-ing to take this awfully hard. They have boys, you know; all in the service. It's tough but it's my lob to tell her A few minutes after Gatlin left, Marabis arrived with two bloodheunds. careful guidance the dogs soon had the scent and followed it across the highway

and into the field where Mrs. Oxborne had last seen the feeling summan. Marable and a squad of patrolman were close behind out. On the hanks of a small creek, winding snake-like through the district, the dogs lost the trail completely. Gatlin's errand proved equally futile

The distraught widow knew her husband had been working on what he considered an extremely important case but he had not discussed the details with her The only tangible cluss, the foot and tire prints, looked like extremely thin fabric

The tire, it developed, was a pop brand, impossible to truce since it hore no peculiar markings or

The footprints had been made by two men, one wearing a size eight shoe and the other a size nine and one-half. There existed a alim possibility that these, if actually left by the killers, could be used later for identification purposes. But first they had to find the gunmen

By midnight it appeared that Reed's slayers had alipped through the tightly-knit dragnet. Efforts to locate Scott and Moore were redoubled when it was learned that they had left Columbia as early as 2 PM But if they were the slavers chances of snagging them now looked slim. Then, just as the second alarm was on its way over the wires, the two suspects were taken into costody as they drown into Martin's driveway. surprise that they had been the center of a three-county search for nearly eight

"We don't know nothing about no shoot-g," Scott insisted. "We were right here Franklin from about 5 o'clock until after 7. Then we drove over to Paragon Mills and visited some friends. We just left

there about an hour ago "I'm more interested in knowing where you were at precisely 8:30," Gatlin said sharply.

Scott and Moore thought about this. "We were in a cafe right here on the public square," Scott said. You can prove it?" "I think so. I guess they'll remember us." Despite the hour, Gatlin sent a deputy

to bring in the owner of the restaurant When he arrived, the witness evod the suspects sleepfly. "They were in my place, all i irritably. "I don't rememright," he said irritably. "I don't rememsomewhere about 6:30 because I left at 7. Both boys, immensely relieved at their narrow escape, were released but told to remain available for further questioning. Their relief was not feit by O'Lee, "We're right back where we started," he said dis-

"We're going to have to reverse the usual rocedure in this case before we get anywhere," Gatlin said.
"I don't get you," O'Lee said.

"I mean first we're going to have to disover what case Reed was working or when he was shot, then solve it ourselves."

O'Lee nodded. "Unfortunately, you're right. But it's a big order. Any idea how we so about it?"

"Our heat hat is to center our attention in Reed's home district. Being a constable he was his own boss and I imagine he investigated plenty of complaints and tips that never reached this office." "It looks to me like we're clutching at straws," O'Lee said. lws," O'Lee said. 'It's either grab straws or go under,"

tim said. 'We'll try it," O'Lee agreed. They did-with immediate and wholly unexpected results

Gatlin said.

Who Was Reed After? From Mrs. Reed they learned that her

husband had been a close personal friend of a storekeener in his district. He often passed the time there when he wasn't busy elsewhere. The officers were waiting when the groceryman opened at 8 A.M. the grocryman opened at 8 A.H.
Briefly, Gatlin explained their mission,
adding, "We thought Reed might have
mentioned something about his work to you. It could be the one thing we need to crack this case wide open. The storelesseer considered thoughtfully.

then motioned for the two men to follow into a back room him into a Dack FOOTS.

"This might not have any bearing on the murder," he began, "but I know Clarence was dead set on breshing up the moonshiners around here. Fact is, he was getting so close to them that one threatened tide Getlin eved the informant narrowly

"Are you sure of this?" Clarence told me he "Of course I am. had heard that Jaff Thomas was sunning for him. Seems Clarence was storning Jeff's truck every time he saw it and searching it for liquor; he was sure Jeff was hauling rot-gut into Nashville." The name Jeff Thomas was a familiar one to the sheriff. His office had attempted one to the sheriff. His office had attempted several times to link Thomas with the illegal liquor traffic but always without success. Had Clarence Reed succeeded where they had falled? And had he been killed because of it?

Gatin and O'Lee drove out to Thomas home and entered unannounced The thin, sunken-eyed suspect regarded eir visit as routine. "Go ahead and their visit as routine. isit as routine. "Go ahe he invited challengingly. won't find no likker here.

"We're looking for something more than whisky." Gatlin retorted. "We're looking for a killer Thomas' face went paper-white beneath his thick stubble of beard. "Y—you talking about Clarence Reed?" he asked.

"Who else? Reed finally got en you to send you up and you got rid of him the sheriff thought his bluff If the sherriff thought his bluff would extract a confession, he was mistaken.

"Look, fellows," Thomas said shakily.
"You got this all wrong, I didn't know nothing about Clarence being killed 'fil this morning. Honest, I didn't. You got to believe that."

"You threatened his life!" Gatlin re-minded, "You can't deny that." Thomas flinched. "I may have said some things I didn't mean." he whined. "I was things I count mean," he whined. "I was sore because he was always accusing me of peddlin' corn likker. But I didn't mean him no harm; I wouldn't kill nobody Gatlin wasn't too sure about this. Thomas' reputation was an unsavory one, and he had only the word of an equally suspiclous hired hand to substantiate his claim

that he was at home at the time of the And two men had been involved The hired hand was Bob Melton, shorter

and younger than his scener couper.

O'Lee rounded him up and brought him
to be to be the second of (Continued on page 53)



BY RAYMOND R. CAMP

NO ONE SEEMS to he able to work out the exact cause of a trend, especially one that influences hunters or fishermon. but a number of people bave been wen-dering what factors were responsible for the guiden desire of hunters to own their own dogs.

During the past two years American sportsmen have been investing in pointers, setters, retrievers and hounds with th same eagerness displayed by the public in stock buying prior to the crush of "29. The man who normally would select a lap dog for his family now buys a setter puppy. The explanation, in some instances, is simple. If you must have a clog, get one that is good for something outside of

e house. This trend is being greeted warmly by breeders, trainers and conservationists, for it means more money to the first mor work to the second, and a brighter wildfe picture to the last. There is a simpler explanation of the

trend, however, and it bods down to an effort to meet competition. The number of hunters has increased tremendously since the war, and the various state conservation agencies have had quite a problem restocking the covers to provide enough game to keep the throngs of hunters even reasonably satisfied. The man who tramps the woods or fields without the help of a dog often returns home without having touched the trigger, but he hears glowing accounts of the game Joe brought bome through the efforts of old

Wandering through the countryside wandering through the countrysade is good exercise, but the men who does it sood exercise, but the men who does it for the bable too often finds the exercise for the bable too often finds the exercise to be a "hunting" rather than a "shoot-ing" trip. With ten hunters out for every pheasant, grouse or woodcock, some of the approximen are gare to be disappointed, but the man with a good dog usually gets more pleasure as well as a heavier bag The average bunter doesn't have to b hit over the head with a brick to see the point, so when the old dog dies he replaces

The hunter has a wide variety of breeds to select from these days, for along with the trend came the introduction of at least two does seldom found in our covers betwo dogs senterm found in our covers be-fore the war—the Weimersmer and the Brittany spanial. In one sense, these two breads are extremes, the Weimersmer beig a big, rangy, smooth-coated dog; the rittany, a small spaniel with the versa-lity of a combined pointer-retriever. Both these dogs are increasing tremes donaly in number and popularity, and with good reason. Not long ago we spent some time with well-known trainers of both breeds, and it was an interesting exce-

rience.

The big objection to the spaniel breeds

has been their tendency to "spring" rather than point game. The hunter with the spaniel merely trailed behind the dog, who found the birds and flushed them. If the hunter was alert and had not trailed too further was mert and not a shot. The spaniel far behind, he got a shot. The spaniel retrieved the bird, and the process was repeated. Too often bowever the dog had

not been trained to work close, so many of the birds flushed out of gurshot. The Brittany, long used in that part of France from which he takes his name, not only was trained to find game, but point was an excellent retriever. a small dog, much lighter in build even than a spaniel, as we know them, the breed found instant popularity with the hunter who lived in the city and did not want a big dog cluttering up the apartment As a result of its long cost, the Brit-my can move through heavy, briar-tan-

gled cover without being turn up, and its stub of a tail does not require medical treatment at the end of a rough trip, as does that of the pointer. What is more, the Brittany is extremely intelligent, easy to train, and makes an excellent house pet

out of season. I hunted woodcock and pheasants over

one of these dogs, and later grouse, and I am convinced that this breed is going to be the enswer to the prayer of many a grouse enthusiast. The dog worked close in the heavy cover, gave evidence of a really fine nose, and seemed able to get up to within a few feet of a fantail without frightening it into a take-off. Out of 11 grouse found during the course of one morning, the dog flushed only two, and I am satisfied that in neither instance was the flushing due to a mistake by the dog. Both birds were wild, and were in ex-

tremely thick cover.

While I have never shot over one of this breed for quail, I have had reports from several friends that were most enthus-isatic. They admitted bowever that the Brittany would not find as many coveys as the fast, wide-ranging pointer or set-ter, but at least it set a pace that was much easier on the shooter

The Weimeraner might be described as an over-size version of the German shor haired pointer, although it is entirely dif-ferent in color and much longer in the les and body. This description, I'm sfraid, has a lot in common with the old saw: "I have a suit like that, except mine is blue, has a stripe and is double-breasted." Anyway, both breeds have short tails, so Pm. partially correct. Also, I thought their methods of hunting had much in common. The trainer with whom I hunted admit-ted that the Weimenmer was inclined to be rather hard-headed, in some instances revealing stubboroness that was rivaled only by the bulldog. But when it comes to covering ground, exhibiting real bird sense, providing stylish points, and re-trieving, this breed (Costinued on page 63)



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FLASHES

BY ROSS MADDEN

Some fellows liked to mark from left

to right. Others liked to go just the

other way. They all agreed that a hig

darkroom was a time waster. But them

was a great difference of opinion as to whether it should be "straight line"

a turn-around setup-with the devel-

oning trays behind you when you are

FRIRND of mine recently made a A PRIKND of mine recently many tour of the country, to look at the darkrooms of well known professional and amateur photographers and to get their ideas on the equipment and facilities needed to make good prints He had been commissioned by a large corporation to design a series of small laboratories for it. The company didn't care about the costs involved, but it did want efficient, cheerful workrooms—setups

that would wear well and still be efficient several years hence The first sten my

Almost any place will do for a darkroom. But a good



at the enlarger

friend concluded wer to talk with good workmen in their own places. He wanted to see how good photographers and printers arranged their dark-

rooms, and to learn what equipment they liked, how much space they thought was necessary, whether they had individually worked out little shortcuts or special techniques that might be incorporated into these "ideal"

darkrooms, and where they found difficulty in getting good work out fast. Since any professional worth his salt will readily admit that much of the best photography, and certainly about the most exciting pictorial work, comes from the amateurs in the country. plenty of modestly outlitted amateur darkrooms came under scrutiny during

this tour. The first few dozen darkrooms left my friend a little dazed! A lot of fine work was being done in coalbins, or in apartment bathrooms. For every photographer ensconced in a deluxe darkroom, he found 50 others happily turning out prints in improvised cubbyholes. Lots of these didn't even have running water. Some darkrooms were almost bare, so rigidly were they confined to essentials. Others were a comnlete chaos of abandoned gadgets, halfcompleted home-made accessories and uninheled hottles.

conflicting ideas just didn't seem possible. To make it worse, a lot of photographers in the fancy places weren't using many of the so-called conveniences they bad

It was only after watching scores of these people at work, often under the pressure of a rush job, that a basic darkroom plan evolved. While the floor plan, wiring, space allocation, and other architectural details are of almost no value to most of us who have to make the best of what we have, my friend's

equipment summary is worth noting Incidentally, we are concerned with the making of prints only in this outline, and will not include the tanks and reels or hangers that negative processing calls for

A good enlarger is the most important and most expensive item. A fantastic number of almost useless enlargers have been sold. Many of these are still on the market, and buying one of them will save you nothing. A good enlarger, like a good automobile, is a pleasure to use, does its job, and still has some resale or trade-in value. If I had to make a choice, I would buy the best enlarger and get along with a very inexpensive camera, rather than trying to make any savings on the enlarger. When you buy or exchange your present machine, compare it carefully in every way with one of the well known and dependable products such as the Simmons Omega or the Kodak Precision.

I have been in dozens of durkrooms and seen more than the price of a good projection printer, or enlarger, wasted in simust uncless Hems such as dodging screens and the like. A dollar here and two there, and you've soon cluttered up the place with gadgets that will not make up for your enlarger's faults.

your callarger's fault.

Next, you'll want a good safeight. The
best best is an indirect type, using an 8x10
safeight. You can easily make the box to
bold the lamps, from box wood, so you will
only have to purchase the glass safeight.
This should be auticalle for enlarging paper.
Light even when doing contact printing,
bloat of your negative developing will be
done in the dark, so no other light is

actuaty recessor.

Tirce trays are the minimum. Four would be better, but certainly the last one can wait. Most practical seems the combination of one 8x16 and two of 11x14 store. Faur from the dime store are good some faur from the dime store are good to make occasional 16x20 inch prints, you can see-saw them nacely in the 11x14 trays. For short runs of smaller prints, use the 8x00 taxy for developer:

SMO way for developer. Three gallon-size solution bottles come next. It is economical to huy and mix paper developer in this size, even though you do not use it too rapidly. Most commercial developers, like Dektol, will keep for two or three months. The solution will get a little brown or vellow but seems will get a little brown or vellow but seems

tor two or three months. The solution will get a little brown or yellow, but seems to work fine.

An enamed or glass graduate comes next. This is a dime store item. It should be either 16 or 32-ounce size.

A thermometer is really a necessity, but you probably already have that for newa-

you probably already have that for negative developing. In addition to the standard timer, used for negative developing, some sort of clock with a sweep hand is of great value. Risectic clocks are on the market now with price tags that aren't a bit hard to take.

With your enlarger should come arcased. There are many types on the market, so it is just a question of what price and what size. A growing number of critical professional people are switching over to papers like Varigam, the Defender paper which will bandle all contrasts of negatives. All will bandle all contrasts of negatives. All so and a set of filters, and you are ready to bandle almost any negative that you

So much for the essentials. With the items lated above, and a dark corner, you can start to turn out beautiful enlargements. If you already have this equipments. If you already have this equipments are not seen to be dearward to be

Note, let's look at a few additional items which will be useful.

An interval timer will save its cost in pager, and would be my first purchase pager, and would be my first purchase ones are on the market far around \$18\$. An extra, small safelight that you can swing over the tray for close inspection mightly handy. A few bits of wire, tuffus of cotton, a sheet of glass (\$k\$10 or 11x14) and a few conflowed like howes the launmant of the conflowed like the same the farm of the conflowed like the same the same than th

dodging and shading problem. You needn't spend money for such items. An easy way to brighten an unfinished part of the basement is to nail pieces of cariboard, from big packing boxes, to the walls or joints. If you have trouble keep-

walls or joints. If you have trouble keeping the place warm, or end, some rock wool packed in behind these cardboards will help a lot. The cardboard will take water paint, and an afternoon and a dollar's worth of such paint will make your evenings a lot more productive and

cheerful.

Larger trays, for washing pictures, or for occasional hig pictures, can be made from plywood. Several costs of houid

stainless steel, a fine new plastic paint developed just for darkroozs, or the good old black far paint, will make a durable tray that is water and chemical proof, at least enough for all practical needs. Plastic and eramelware from the dime store will take care of any minor noeds in such con-

Adoleter roll, or a densen at two of guest photo blotters, will be very useful for photo blotters, will be very useful for drying matte prents. A couple of ferrotype insa will be worth the investment. However, rennember that you can get a very fine sent-gloss paper, especially in the all-centrast Varigum, that is brilliant (Continued on page 55).

IF THERE ever was a "Stairway to Success" the training you get from I. C. S. is it! Many of the leaders of industry are I. C. S. graduates. And tens of thousands of "average" people have won promotions and pay increases that they attribute to I. C. S. training.

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Present Position

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World World I.

Casedous reviews and outputs to international Confessionate Schools Casedon, Ltd., Monthaut, Casedou

Eloise recoiled when the rider next to her grabbed the wheel. His pal, pulling a gun, snapped, "Froggie will take over!" A terrified woman was at the wheel of the speeding car. With her were Death's disciples! PRETTY KLOISE TWITCHELL sensed a subtle change in the manner of the two men who rode heside her. As she headed her new sedan north out of the little East

ride to her doom

BY HUGH V. HABDOCK

Texas town of Kountze, their air of friendliness began to fade. Now, with the sun well behind the gaunt pines edging the highway, the woman was gripped by a feeling

of impending danger.

The man with the mocking smile leaned against the right hand door. His companion sat upright in the middle of the seat. He had moved closer now—too close. Mrs. Twitchell felt the insistent pressure of his arm through the sleeve of her sheer blouse. Frightened, she tried to

draw farther away from the passenger.
"I'll remind you again," she snapped,

"that I'm a married woman."

She tried to conceal the quayer in her voice, but her knees trembled when both men laughed deristively.

Mrs. Twitchell's eyes flashed to the cear-view mirror. Her hands tightened in terror on the steering wheel as also saw that the three of them had the

saw that the three of them had the highway to themselves. Not a car was in sight in either direction. The speedometer needle climbed toward 60 as her foot pressed the accelerator. The man by the door glanced know-

that is the speedenste. "Okay, honey," he said easily after "Okay, honey," he said easily after a couple of minutes. "You can slow down and let us out at this sideroad ahead. I just remembered some kin-folks around here that I want to vist." Suppressing a gasp of relief, Mrs. Twitchell braked the ear and awung out outo the shoulder. Suddenly the man the could protect, his companion whipped out a, black automatic and pointed its the could protect, his companion whipped out a, black automatic and pointed its the said.

"Froggie will take over now!" he snarled, "Get out and change seats with him!"

It took a moment for Elioise Twitchell to realize what was happening. Then, numb with terror, she obeyed.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"You?" The man with the gun leared.

"We'll think up something, baby." He alowly patted the automatic with his

left hand...

Chief Artie Pollock of the Beaumont,
Tex., police department resulved a telephone call from the Tyler County
sheriff's office at Woodville at 2 r.M.,





appeared while on a trip to Beaumont.
The missing woman, the Woodville

sheriff reported, was 32 years old, at-

tractive, and the mother of a 3-year-old

daughter. Her husband, a merchant mariner, was at sea. She and the child

lived with her mother, Mrs. Dolly Sturlock, at the village of Colmessell. Similes north of Beaumont and a dozem miles morth of Worker and the Studmiles north of Worker and Studnish and Studville officer continued. "Monday morning she left the baby with Mrs. Sturlock and drove to Beaumont, hoping to find an apartment. She told her mother didn't resura or sleephone."



The case was clindred when sleuths, using a mine detector, located the broken death gun at the crime scene.

Pollock's mind raced back over other reports of missing women and the sordid facts some of the investigations had revealed.

"How long has her husband been at

seet" he asked.

"Several months," the sheriff said. "I haven't uncovered any information that he might have had a boy friend. All I know is that from last reports sine was the seed of t

car?" Pollock suggested.
"That's one possibility," the Wood-



Eloise Twitchell made o mysterious phone call before leaving Beaumont. Was it connected with her murder?







Curious spectators examine Mrs. Twitchell's automorphile after its recovery in a quiet Houston suburb. The gurmen had planned to use the car in the rebbery of a bank.



Any doubts as to the missing woman's fate were dispetited when three youths discovered her body near a lonely road.

An officer points to soot (X) where the corpse was found.

ville officer responded. "Mrz Twitehell used to live in Beaumont and Pve picked up the name of a friend you might question—a Mrs. Lillian Cole, Mrs. Twitchell's former landlady. She may be able to steer you."

may be able to steer you."

The Woodville officer was not even sure that Mrs. Twitchell had arrived in Beaumont, but Pollack sent two detectives to interview Mrs. Cole. She quickly exhibited that fact. The young quickly exhibited that fact. The young steep the property of the property

A Dote For Dinner

Mrs. Twitchell, her former landlady continued, had telephoned clatelity just before dinner on the evening of Sepublic Continued, and the legislation of the continued of the land of the l

Probing for some key to Max Tuticultif stianspearance, the officars quationed Mrs. Cole closely about her couversation with her former tenant. But apart from describing her search for an open some state of the search for an interest of the search for an approximately five in Cole to be meroements after artiving in Beaumont nor to the people singith have set. Mrs. Cole declared thing on her mind beyond hurrying home in order to move as soon as posbone in order to move as soon as pos-

Wondering if Mis. Twitchell might have changed her plans at the last moment and remained in Besumont, the two officers obtained from Mrs. Cole a partial list of the missing woman's friends in the city. The landlady also gave them the neighborhood of Mrs. Twitchell's new apartment, although she could not supply the exact address. Then she recalled that Mrs. Twitchell had planned one more stop before leaving town, a brief visit with Mrs. Mary Blais, who operated a hoarding house a few blocks away.

Driving to the Blais house, the officers found that Mrs. Twitchell's visit there had heen as puzzling as it was hiref. After saying that she was leaving town immediately but would return in a few days, the young woman made three telephone calls, then left about

4:30 P.M.

Busy with other matters, Mrs. Blais

paid scant attention to the calls or

Eloise Twitchell's end of the conversa-

tions
"All I know," she told the two officers,
"is that she told somebody, 'Til drive
past and pick you up in just a few

At police headquarters an hour later Chief Pollock listened unessity to his officers' report. A check with three more of Eloise Twitchell's friends revealed that, while she apparently remained faithful to her husband, she was no recluse during the time be was at

"Wonder who she planned to pick up in Beaumont," he puzzled. One of the detectives squinted at the end of his cigarette. "Ever hear of Arch McAllen." he asked. Pollock hadn't. "A friend of Mrs. Twitchell's?" he asked.

"They say she's been out with him a couple of times," the officer replied, our she was a supply of times, the officer replied, the she was the same that the construction of the same that the same th

Pollock sowied reflectively. If Eloise, Notice is a dead, Mr.Allen wouldn't dare bring or the property of the

"Turn your information over to the night shift," he ordered his aides. "Tell



A public oppeal issued by Police Chief Artic Pollock brought in descriptions of a pair of suspects



Ranger Dick Holliday came across the murderers' trail in a tavern.

the night captain to keep an eye on the taverns. At the same time, tell him not to pass up any other hets. I want him to keep checking with her friends and to run down every possible lead." The Beaumant police found no trace or Eloise Twichell that night in any of the taverns or night clubs, but they did uncover (Continued on page 57)



"I'd do it all again!" was the bitter avayal of this convicted killer.

HE BOISTEROUS, saloon-studded stretch along the water-front in Long Beach, Cal, was not known for its peace-loving citizens nor its monotonous routine. Swollen jaws, bisckened eyes and broken heads were common sights among the sailors and burly longshoremen who gathered here for their leisure hours and settled their arguments in the only fashion known to them. Emergency calls from this neighborhood were no rarity to colice, but not often was the trouble of

serious consequence Desk Sergeant Wilburn Woodruff received such a call on the evening of September 19, 1948. It was a woman's voice, high and tight with emotion. think there's something wrong at 831 Sesside Avenue," she said. "The door is locked, but I'm sure I heard someone

mouning inside. It's Tent 15. moaning rissie. It's tent is.

Woodruff knew the area, a veritable
city of tents built close to the beach
front, with board walls and screens for windows, each unit a two-room dwelling. Detective Inspectors Frank Welch and C. C. Sullans were detailed to in-

The door of No. 15 was firmly padlocked on the outside, but Welch, walking around to the rear, was able to pry up a screen far enough to peer into the darkened room. He could make out a rumpled bed, piled high with bedding. Then he saw what was unmistakably a woman's bare foot protruding from the covers.

Ripping a larger hole in the screen, he reached in, grabbed one corner of a sheet, and pulled. The covers came away to reveal a woman's face discolored by bruises, the eyes swollen with the say very still.

"There's a woman inside," he called to Sullans. "I think she's been mur-

Together the two officers forced open

too many men__

blankets. Underneath lay the nude body of a slender, dark-haired woman of about 40. Half of a brassiere clung to one bare shoulder.

Automatically Sullans reached for her pulse, but he knew the gesture was futile. "She's been dead some time," he said presently. "Til phone headquar-

While Sullars was gone, Welch studied his surroundings. Neither of the two rooms was large and both were sparsely furnished. In the litter of cosmetic jars and bottles that covered the door and walked into the bedroom where Welch removed the rest of the where Welch removed the rest of the the dresser top, stood a picture of a lab men," Sullans announced on his

laughing brunette. The detective could see it resembled the dead woman. On the back, in feminine hand, was writ-

ten. "Eddis Mae Reed." He walked into the tiny kitchen. which was clean and nest and seemed to have been used very little. There to have been used very little. There was no evidence that the place had been ransacked and Welch, who had not seriously considered robbery from the beginning, wholly discarded this theory after completing his tour of the modest dwelling.





Through a hole in the screen of a tent, Detective Insepector F. P. Welch saw o gruesome sight.



Witnesses helped Inspectars H.
P. Finch (left) and J. A. Thiele
decide they were ofter a seaman.

return. "This fellow," he indicated a man who had followed him in the door, "says he knows the viettin."

The newcomer, a maintenance man from an apartment building across the street, said he bad known Mrs. Reed for five years.

"Where's her husband?" Welch asked.

Jack Reed, he was told, lived someplace in the city, but the couple had been separated for nearly a year and

been separated for nearly a year and were planning a divorce "Any idea who'd do this?" Sullans asked, motioning to the body on the

bed.

The maintenance man shook his head.

"Eddis was a popular woman. She was out with a different man nearly every night. Did a lot of drinking, I guess. But recently she's been in poor health.

But recently sin's been in poor health.
And this . . "he shuddered at the sight of his dead friend. "I don't know who'd do anything like that."

He had chatted with Mrs. Reed on several occasions, he admitted, but she

several occasions, he admitted, but she was pretty tight-lipped about her personal life and, although he had seen her with men friends on the street and had seen a number of them enter and leave her home, she had never mentioned them by tame.

"She was afraid of something, though," the informant said with new emphasis. "She was trying to get some woman to live with her because she didn't want to stay here alone. But she never said why." *

with the arrival of the ambulance and more police officers, the tent city was transformed into a bustling community. Deputy Coroner Philip, after a brief exammation, said: "She took a terrific beating . . . looks like a skull fracture. too."
"How long has she been dead?" asked

Welch.
"Two or three hours," the coroner

Laoks Like Fist Work

The laboratory men photographed the body and scene, then they went over the place for fingerprints. Detective Welch, whose search for a murder weapon had been to no avail, was sure the beating was the work of fists.

The body was removed to the county morgue in Los Angeles, 25 miles to the north, and the detectives got busy questioning Mrs. Reed's neighbors, many of whom had gathered inside the tent and were tailting in hushed tones. One of these was a woman who man-

aged a group of swank beach apartments She had known the victim for 18 months, and agreed that Mrs. Reed had been a heavy drinker and had many men visitors. "Quite a playgir," the detectives were informed At 2:30 that afternoon, the woman

saw the victim briefly in front of her cottage. She was wearing a pink bathrobe. "About 4:30," the manager continued, "I saw a man leave her place He was tall and thin and had black hair. I didn't pay much attention to him, but I remember he walked with kind of a rolling swagger". The detectives found another woman

who saw this same man but, previous to that, at 3 o'clock, she noted a heavyset man go into Mrs. Reed's tent. He was still there when the second man arrived and the latter waited outside until the first man left. A man, living in a basement room

in an adjacent apartment, was an eyewitness to something entirely different. He said that at approximately 2.45 p.m. a woman knocked at the door of the Reed tent, then entered. Five minutes later she came out sgain.

"She was dressed in a white uniform," he said, "like a nurse or a waitress maybe. She was a blonde." Just after 5 o'clock the woman re-

turned. She started to knock, then walked completely around the tent, as if puzzled, and left hurriedly. "Probably the woman who called the police station," Welch said. "Anybody

know who she was?"
"No," said one woman. "but there's a
beauty shop in the next block. And a
restaurant near there, too. They wear
white uniforms in both."

The police lab men, finished with their immediate work, had found several fingerprints, but these would have to be sorted. In the kitchen they had come across a damp towel, bloodstreaked as if the killer had washed his hands. The metal bed frame, too, was-

Welch and Sullans, going through the murdered woman's personal effects for some trace of her male acquaintances, found no letters nor diary that revealed their names, but in one book was a reference to her husband, and with it

bloodstained.



his address. This would be their first ston. As they emerged from the tent-cahin woman came up to them. "I just beard a woman came up to them. "I just heard about Mrs. Reed," she said breathlessiy. was sure something was wrong."
"What do you mean?" soked Welch "I phoned the police because I thought I heard meaning in there. Just to think, she was here, all the time. Poor kid."
"Tell us what you know." the detective

The woman said she was a beauty on-The woman said she was a beauty op-erator in a nearby shop. "Eddis had an appointment for a permanent at 2 o'clock," she explained. "When she didn't show up. I walked over to see why. She said she

was just too unset. ms just too upset.
"Uoset about what?" Welch prodded "She didn't say, but she was very ner-vous and seemed afraid of something. She mentioned leaving the city. few minutes and she said she'd be over

"She didn't come "No. So when I got through work, I walked by again. I started to knock, but saw the door andlocked. Then I thought heard a mean, as if somebody was hurt, could hardly believe it, herause the door was looked on the outside. But I rememhered how upset she was, and I decided

to call the police "A good thing you did," said Weich.
"Have you any idea who killed her? Ever hear her mention any men by name?" But the operator could give no more information. Mrs. Reed had been a cus-tomer of hers for over two months, but she was always reluctant to discuss her personal life.

At this point Detective Inspectors James Thicle and Harry Finch arrived, sum-moned by Detective Captain Loren Marthin to take over the werd case. Both were experienced homicide men and to-gether had solved several balling murders. While Weich and Sullars outlined what they had been able to learn, the two detectives made a thorough examination of the tent interior. Finch pocketed the

Advised of the two male callers the victim had that afternoon, both investigators dismissed the heavy-set man who had arrived first as a possible suspect. "If he had killed the woman." Thiele said, "the second man would have lit out after him fast when he found the body. Or at least would have called the police. No. It's the second fellow we want. He's the one who padiocked the door, apparently. T wasn't the work of an innocent visitor.

Sailor Suspected

"You say he walked with a rolling gait?"
Finch mused, "Sounds like a sailor." But the officers knew that singling out one tall, dark satior in that California sea town would be an impossible "Better talk to the bushand first," Thicks streeted. "He may know who some of his wife's friends were even if he wasn't seeing her any more

Reed was aborded at the news of his estranged wife's tragic death, but he was unable to provide the names of any suspects. "She always had causers, and them," he said, "even when we were hving them," he faid, "even when we were hving them." together. That's why I left But I couldn't He was able to give a satisfactory account of his whereabouts at the murder hour and was summarily cleared of all

"So now we've got a tall, dark ma quite strong, if the beating (Continued on page 46)



What do you know BY CHARLES R. ROSENBERG. JR.

"YOU ARE required to accept that without proof," the judge told the jury at a recent criminal trial That statement sounds contrary to the whole idea of trial by jury, doesn't Yet the judge was right, for be was

referring to a so-called "presumption of Actually, presumptions are donchistions which the law says the jury must accept without proof The best known presumption of law is the presumption of the innocence of the accused. With no proof at all he is presumed to be innocent, and that

presumption stays on his sade until it is overcome by evidence that he is suilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

That is only one of many presumptions that may arise in the course of a

trial, and the force of a single presumption may determine the final outcome of the case The courts are careful to point out

that a presumption of law is something quite different from an inference of fact. In any trial the facts of the case are presented through the testimony of witnesses and other evidence. The surv. on the basis of experience, common sense and its own reasoning power, is free to draw whatever inferences it thinks proper from the facts before it.

Where a presumption of law is applicable, bowever, the jury is compelled to draw a stipulated conclusion either from no proof or from proof of a certain fact. For example, without proof of any kind, the jury must presume that the accused knew the law when he committed the criminal act. That's a conclusion of law, and no other con-

clusion or inference is permissible. In one case the marriage of the accused was an important point. A certified copy of the marriage record was introduced showing that the ceremony was performed by a qualified magistrate. From this evidence the jury was required to presume that the marriage was properly and legally performed. That's because there's a presumption of law that the acts of public officials are legally and validly performed Proof of the performance of the marriage by a qualified official raised the

example of legality and remulavity No further evidence was needed Some presumptions are conclusive

(Attorney-at-law)

others rebuttable. The presumption that the accused knows the law for instance is conclusive, meaning that he can't overcome it by proof that, actually, be didn't know it. On the other band, the presumption of innopence is rebuttable; it can be overthrown by evidence of guilt.

A conclusive presumption is one that the jury must accept regardless of the conditions and circumstances. A rebuttable presumption need be accepted only until the evidence convinces the tury that it isn't true in the particular case. When something is "presumed" in ordinary dealings, it's taken for granted, and that's what presumptions of law really amount to. But here are some questions dealing with this legal device. Can you answer them?

1. At Markham's trial for embezzie-

ment his attorney told the jury that the law presumed that Markham was a person of good character. Is that right? 2. In a burglary case the defense attorney moved for a dismissal of the charge on the ground that the state hadn't proved that the accused was physically capable of committing the crime. Should the case be dismissed? 3. As a prank Poole threw a pack of lighted firecrackers into a open window. A cotton bedspread caught fire and an infant was burned to death. At his trial for manslaughter Poole contended that he had no criminal intent and never thought his prank would hurt anyone. Should the manslaughter

charge be thrown out for lack of crim-4. When Reilly was arrested for selling certain merchandise without a license, be proved be was new in the state, had never heard of the license law, and that no such law existed in the state where he formerly lived. Is that a good defense, if true? 5. Bader was tried for a murder com-

inal intent?

mitted in such a brutal manner as to suggest that it was the work of a manine. At the close of the state's testimony (Continued on page 52)



T SHOULDN'T TAKE a man a week to find a suitable pet for his wife, Robert Spindle mused as he leaned from the window of his car and stared up at the combination electrical shop and home of his brother, Frank. The building was set a dozen yards back from Highway 17, the coastal route that winds from historic Fredericksburg to Newport News, Va.

BY PHILIP BONETT

On this morning of March I1, 1949. the place looked exceptionally lonely, though Robert Spindle had never favored the location. He had tried to talk Frank into getting a place in Richmond or nearby Tappahannock, but his brother wasn't interested. 'Tm marrying a girl who's just as fed up with cities and people as 1 am," Frank explained. "I can get this place cheap and make a

good living here." And he had been as good as his word. He married Helen McGalhard, a pretty brunette from Asbeville, N. C., returned her to Virginia and, as a skilled welder and electrician, soon built up a thriving business in the sbop, while Helen turned the upper flat into nest, attractive living quarters.

Fourteen months after the wedding, the couple was still as peacefully happy as on the day of the marriage and reas on the day of the marriage and re-cently had announced their intentions of going to Maryland to find a dog for Helen. But that was a week ago. Frank should be home, by now. "Guess I'm just looking for trouble," Robert muttered as he threw his car into gear and fulled away from the clay yard. They're probably having a fling in Bal-

When he returned to the store and filling station which he operated just three miles north of Frank's place, he was told by a clerk that the state police had called from Tappahannock.

"It was Trooper Dick Blackburn," the clerk told him. "Says it's impor-

"When did you see your brother last?" Blackburn asked after Spindle put through the call. "Over a week ago. Helen's dog got killed on the highway, and they went to Maryland to buy her another one." "Did you see them leave?" persisted





This torn window screen and a braken pane suggested a hasty rabbery. Were they the plants of a scheming murderer?

"No," Spindle replied. "Why, what's up? Have they been in an accident? "We just got a call from the sheriff's office at Asneville, N. C.," the trooper explained. "They found a red Studehe ver sedan abandoned just outside the city, with the ignition wires cut and then assembled to make contact without a key. There are bloodstains on the front seat. They asked us for a tracer on the license plate, and it's registered in Frank's name. I think you'd better take a good look inside his place. Call back as soon as you can."

Ten minutes later Spindle was again in front of his brother's home and now he noticed for the first time that a pane of glass had been broken from one of the shop windows and a portion of screen had been torn from one of the upper hedroom windows.

He forced a door that opened on a year moreh. From the narrow entrance hall be could glance into the garage and see that Frank's car was gone. He raced up the steps that led to the kitchen. On the table was one plate thought he and Helen were away." with portions of mouldering food. He walked across the kitchen and into the main bedroom, then stopped, numbed with horror. On the floor lay the lifeless body of his sister-in-law, her face streaked with blood. Frank

was on the bed, partially covered by a bloodstained sheet. He, too, was dead. With a beavy grosn, Robert Spindle turned and staggered back down the Trooper Blackburn and Sheriff S. S. Newbill were soon at the scene from the county seat of Tappahannock, 16 miles away. Hard on their heels came Screents Robert Mails, Paul Moore, and James Ingram, followed by Emory

. Carlton, prosecutor for Essex Sheriff Newhill was first to inspect the bodies and pronounced both persons victims of death by shotgun discharges.



stains on the seat of the getaway car that informed police of the tragedy.



In the bedraom (arraw) of this cambination electrical shop and home, a stealthy killer taak advantage of a kindness to slay his benefactors.

"Td say they've been dead about a week." he estimated, "but we'll have to wait for the medical examiner to be pertain."

probably right," Robert "You're Spindle said. "I saw Frank practically every day. I hadn't seen him since March 3, but I wasn't worried because I

Room Ransacked

The position of the bodies suggested that Frank Spindle was shot while asleep, and that Helen was the second victim. "She probably jumped from her bed after the first shot," theorized Carl-

"and was met by another load." There was no question that robbery was the motive. The room was a shambles. A small chest had been overturned, and a welter of papers scattered over the floor. Articles of clothing hung over the sides of hastily closed dresser drawers, and the pockets of a pair of trousers had been turned inside out and

emptied. In a spare bedroom, officers saw evidence that a third person had slept in the bouse recently. There was still the

clight imprint of a slender body on the bed and the covers had been carefully turned back, as though someone had taken precautions not to rumple the sheets. On the floor, behind the door was a woman's hat and a fur neckpiece. Was a woman visiting your brother and his wife when you saw them last?"

Newbill asked Spindle. 'Not that I know of. Helen's brother was here for awhile, but he left some

time ago. "How about this hat and fur? Do you recognize them?" Spindle shook his head. "I don't. But

my niece, Dorothy Mae, might. She visited here frequently." "All right, get ber here," Newbill instructed.

A request was promptly radioed by Blackburn to the Virginia state police beadquarters, near Richmond, asking for the assistance of laboratory experts. "We'd better clear out until they get decided Newbill. "We don't want to destroy any evidence.

Outside, the officials made an exhaustive survey of the grounds. They noticed that a large section of screening had been torn away from the rear



Fronk Spindle and his wife, Helen, had mentioned a trip to Maryland. That's why their disappearance caused little concern at first.

porch, permitting easy entry or exit And on one of the porch supports were three reddish-brown stains, as if the killer had calmly wiped his bloody hands on the soft wood.

The inner hasp on the garage door had been bettered loose and the smasted padlock was found within a yard of the entrance.

By this time a sizeable crowd had gathered in the field near the house Newbill made the most of this opportunities.

gathered in the field near the house Newbill made the most of this opportunity to question neighbors. But not a single person had heard the shots, and none could offer any reason for the crime.

"But I got an idea who it could be from the way the place was broken into," a farmer told Newbill. "I don't aim to get anyone in trouble, but that tora screen and those glass panes incoked out—well, that's the way Creech Atwood got into Essie Layne's

Place."

Newbill frowned. "Last I heard of Atwood he was working in Norfolk."

"He's back. I saw him the other day."
asserted the farmer confidently.

The sheriff knew Atwood fairly well, having been instrumental in sending him to prison for a period of four years. The sentence resulted from a conviction on an armed burglary charge and, prior to this, Atwood had been involved in several petty serspes. Outwardly he was good-humored and pleasant, but News good-humored and pleasant good which was not provided that was more than the provided that was marked to be a support of the provided that was not provided that the provided

In less than an hour Newbill and Trooper Blackburn housted Atwood at the home of an uncle. In the home of an uncle. The house hours house hours house house

I been playing it straight since I got "he said earnest-"I don't know nothing about those killings, not a thing You knew Frank Spindle, didn't you?" "Sure, I talked to him last Thursday night," came the surprisingly frank ad-mission. "I knew he did a lot of wiring for some of the contractors around here, and he once promised to give me a job. I did electrical work down at the Norfolk shipvards, and he said he could use me. But

up. Not a soul around. Later I heard he had gone someplace to get a dog. I've been waiting for him to get back." "What time Thursday did you see Spindle?" asked Newbill. "I guess it was around 8 o'clock.

Talked to him in his shop."
"See anyone else around"
"Nary a person," declared Atwood.

A search of his room and belongingsfailed to disclose anything of a suspicious nature. 'And reinctantly the sheriff admitted that Atwood was probably telling the truth. It was unlikely the killer would drive as far as Asheville, abandon the car, then return to the murder neishborhood.

"Okay, Atwood, we'll let it go at that," Newbill decided. "But stick around. I may want to talk to you again."
"He's dumb like a fox." was Black-

again."
"He's dumb like a fox." was Blackburn's terse conclusion as they drove back to the Spindle home. "But there's nothing we can hang on him how."

Meal A Tipoff

Special Investigator L B. Maraton. accompanied by a police photographer a fingerprint expert, and Dr. Geoffrey Mann, assistant medical examiner, had arrived from Richmond by the time the officers got back.

"Your killer was either a man of unbridled gall or somenon who was relabelled."

tively certain his crime wouldn't he discovered soon." Marston said as he greated the sherriff. "What makes you think it was a man?" Newhill asked, remembering the

ne once profinsed to man." Assumi assed, remembering the give me a job. I did had not up jecc.

I did not man fur jecc.

I did not provide the provide the provide the provide the state of the provide the provide the provide the provide the provide the provided the

back Monday morngoing to interrupt him 'mig I did, but the
place was all closed
verning meal.' Newfull pointed out
verning meal.' Newfull pointed out
verning meal.' Newfull pointed out
verning meal.' Spindle fixed up
for him to get back.'
Not on your life,' Marston cour-

her husband before retiring "Not on your life," Marston countered. "In the first place from the look of this place, Mrs. Spindle was an exceptionally tidy housekeeper. Sie wouldn't have left dirty dishes out here overnight. Then, too, look at the way that table's set. (Continued on page 6)





Trooper Richard Blockburn acted quickly when he heard of an obandaned auta with sloshed wiring.

Dorothy Moe Spindle had a good memory and a prabing mind. Both praved valuable assets to police.

BY JOSEPH F. FISHMAN

T WAS 6 O'CLOCK Tuesday morning. May 5 Dealy Sergeant Ed Gerrity at the Laundale station on Chicago's West. Side was deen in reports when the phone

"There's a leak in the ceiling," a man's voice said. "The bathroom's right overhead and . .

ly and turned back to his papers. The phone rang again. "You don't understand," the same voice invisted "This leak in the ceiling ..."

"This isn't the plumber's it's a police station." Gerrity snapped. "Well," said the man, "this isn't water. It's blood."

Reports scattered to the floor as Gerrity reached for his pad. The caller was William Westland in the first floor apartment at 1924 South Homan Avenue. Detective Sergeant Albert T Mikes to whom Gerrity releved the call reached the two-story brick building in a matter of minutes Westland. pajama-clad, met him and his squad at the

"In here," he said. He led the officers to a red-tinted pool on his bedroom floor, still being augmented by a steady drip from the ceiling

"Let's go upstairs," Mikes said. A single apartment occupied the whole second floor. Its occupant was William

Rocharek, owner of the huilding. The door was looked One detective pushed the buzzer while another knocked

on the door. There was no response.

A husky officer glanced at Sergeant
Mikes, who nodded. There was a crash of splintering wood as the hinges ripped loose from the door frame. Detectives eroseded into the living room.

It was a complete shambles Chintz window drapes had been torn from their hangings, furniture was overturned, a buge china lamp lay smashed on the floor

The bedroom was worse. Bureau drawers were open, their contents scattered about the room. One side of the maple bed was splintered and the sheets, pfllows and spread lay tangled in a heap, stained by crimson blotches

Pots, pans, smashed crockery and glassware littered the kitchen. A thick iron poker, bent nearly at right angles, lay almust out of sight under the stove. Blood had dried on the heavy shaft. A trail of dark brown spots led from the

kitchen to the bathroom and there it ended. Water was sceping through the crack at the bottom of the door. This was the source of the red-tinted liquid that had worked its

BODY "Call a plumber," Gerrity told him wearin TUB "Call a plumber," cops told the man whose ceiling leaked, "It's not water." he answered. "It's blood!"

The detective found eight pictures of beoutiful women in the murdered bochelor's oportment. "These could lead to a mess of trouble," he mused. Photo specially posed by profess





Above: Matches on the right were found at scene af crime. Left ane was chewed by the suspect as police questianed him.

Sergeant Albert T. Mikes examines the key used by the slayer to sneak into the apartment for his vigil of death.

way through the floor into Westlund's apartment.

Sergeant Mikes opened the door.

A pair of legs stuck grotesquely over the edge of the bathtub. The torso, neck and head of the body were completely submenged. There was a

steady drip from the partly open faucet.

Stepping past Mikes, a detective pulled out the stopper. As the pink fluid receded, the body of the man in

the tub began to appear.

A dozen deep slashes criss-crossed the battered skull. Jagged gashes showed where the victim's face and throat were ripped. For a moment the

small group stood transfixed.
"It took more than a poker to inflict open wounds like these," Mikes said slowly.

Obviously two weapons had been

used, the poker to inflict the skull wounds and a sharp instrument to cut the flesh. Still the killer hadn't been satisfied He bad submerged his victim in the tub to insure his death by drowning! The corpse was lifted out of its porce-

tub to insure his death by drowning?
The corpse was lifted out of its porcelain coffin and Westlund was called.
He stared at the dead man.
"It's Mr. Rocharek, all right," be said, then gukekly turned away.

The Murdered Bachelor

With tentative identification of the 49-year-old bachelor established, the investigation got swiftly under way. A call went out to the coroner's office and the bonicided squad. Simultaneously a city-wide alarm was flashed for all plain-ciothes and uniformed officers to be on the lookout for any man or woman wearing bloodstained clothing.

From Westlund and other neighbors the police gained a thumbnati sketch of the victim. He was a cabinetmaker by trade, thrifty, conservative and quiet. He shared the apartment with his brother, Charlie, a widower who at present was on a two weeks' vacation in New Buffalo, Mich. He had been

present was on a two weeks' vacation in New Buffalo, Mich. He had been away ten days.

Bill Rocharek was considered one of the most eligible bachelors in the neighborhood. When police started searching the bedroom they found

eight cabinet-sized photographs of beautiful women. All of them had been affectionately inscribed, though none was signed.

A detective gathered up the photos

and stood silent a moment, admiring the late William Rocharek's taste in feminine friends. "Eight of them," be mused. "Could add up to a mess of trouble." The victim had another brother, a farmer, Hving near Bloomingdale, Mich. A telegram was sent to 56-yearold Edward Rocharek advising him of the tragedy and requesting him to come to Chicago at once to assist the police in establishing formal identification of the body.

A possible motive for the bruial crime was suggested when Westlund told investigators that the bullding owner was in the habit of carrying large sums of money on his person.

"I've seen him with \$500 in a roll," the young man said. "I warned him it was too much to flash, but he laughed at me,"

"Did many people know he carried that kind of money?" Mikes asked. Westlund nodded. "You and he were pretty good

"You and he were pretty good friends," the officer went on. "Do you know of any women trouble be bad?" Jealous boy friends or—busbands?"

"I was never with him when be dated," Westlund said, "We were just friendly neighbors." Sergeant Harry Waldvogel, Mikes' sassistant, learned from Westlund that the young man was the last known person to have seen William Rocharek.

alive. That was on Friday, four days earlier, around supper time. "Bill was coming in from the street," the lanky tenant explained, "and I was siting at the window. He waved to me and went on up to his apartment." "You certainly must have heard

"You certainly must have heard something," Waldvogel said. "There was quite a struggle up bere." "I did hear a rumpus around midnight, things being slammed around, but I was groggy and went right back

to alcep."
"The fact that you didn't see Rocharek after that didn't seem strange?"
"Of course not. He's a bachelor. He gets around. Sometimes he stayed away for days at a time."

The coroner arrived with a physician, Doctor Edward S. Hatton. In Dr. Hatton's opinion Rocharek had been dead four days. There was little question





Above: William Rocharek retired ane night. Beneath his bed a ruthless killer skulked.

Was this the man who lunched on cake and milk while waiting far his victim to sleep? but that the victim was already lifeless when placed in the bathtub.
"William Rocharek was not particularly a strong man," the corneer pointed out, "but from the looks of things be put up a good scrap. Examine your suspects for scratch marks or bruises. Rocharek must

saflant The body was removed for autopsy. Photographers and fingerprint men ar-rived from the bureau of identification and went to work. Serguant Waldvogel and half a dozen officers began a room-by-room search of the apertment.

Other officers began a canvass of neigh-bors, hoping for a lead. Mikes called the police of New Buffalo, Mich., seking that they carefully check the recent movements of Charles Rocharek. The dead man's clothes were found on a chair beside his bed. His pajamas, slashed and bloodstained, were on the floor. It was clear that be bad retired for the night and

was salcep or at least in bed when the attack came. If so, the time element would coincide with Westlund's story that be had heard the commotion upstairs around midnight. On the living room floor officers found a key, obviously a duplicate. It fit the lock

on the front door. working theory was that the killer had let himself into the apartment with his own key, sneaked into the bedroom and pounced on the sleeping man. Rocharek managed to clude his attacker. Both men fought as Rocharek probably tried to escape by running from room to room. The robbery motive was strengthened when a search through the victim's nonlests showed only \$9 in cash.

The Midnight Snack

Under the dead man's bed the searchers made a curious discovery. The floor was made a curious discovery. The floor was littered with rumbs. There was a crum-pled paper bag with particles of cake and icing. Near the discorded bag were several circular impressions in the dust that looked as if they had been made by a milk bottle. Three chewed match sticks lay nearby. In the case of the control of the that the control of the control of the case that the control of the control of the case that the control of the control of the case of the that the control of the case of the case of the case of the that the case of the that the case of the case

the killer bed calmly munched his cake and milk under the victim's bed while waiting for him to fall asleep!

It was an experience unique in Al Mikes' career. He examined the paper Mikes' career. He examined the paper minutely. There was no stamp to indicate from whom the bakery goods had been purchased, but in the bedroom closet an officer found a broken milk bottle. The top had been knocked off and clotted blood rammed the pagged edge, showing with the company of the company of the com-stance of the company of the com-pany of the company of the com-ton of the com-ton of the company of the com-ton of the rible cuts on William Rocharek's face and

Mikes' thoughts kept returning to the photographs of eight lovely women found in the dead bachetor's sleeping quarters. Was the key to the murder to be found in

Was the key to the murder to be found in the possession—innocently or not—of one of these?

Who were they? This, the sergeant realized, was a question which could be answered only with a great deal of work, and there were attached. and there were other tasks to be done right now. Rocharek's brother, he remembered gratefully, would be back in Chicago soon, and doubtless he could identify the girls in the photos. Meanwhile the de-tectives would work on other angles of

Pingerprints were plentiful in the apartment but identification experts found that most of them belonged to the murdered (Continued on page 49)



By Larry Roberts

■ HOW GOOD a detective would you Test yourself in the technique of crime detection and law enforcement. Each of the following brain teasers counts ten points. A score of 90 makes you a chief; if you best 70 you're still as good as a deputy. With 80 you'll qualify as a rookie

1. Sergeant Halloran listens to wealthy manufacturer's complaint. "I met a young woman at a convention and, weeks later, she invited me to her sport-ment for dinner. No somer had we finished dessert when in storms a man who announces be'ts her husband-a fact she tearfully acknowledges. He threatens to teleplione the police and have me arrested. Then, be suddenly offers to settle the matter amicably-for \$500. I gave him a check er ameany—for some I gave and a topped -just to get out of there—and stopped payment on it the first thing next morn-ing." Sergeant Halloran has heard a typical account of:

(a) the badger game (b) entrapment. (c) a boldap.

2 In underworld parlance a "torpedo" (a) the safeernsker's favorite explosive. (b) a two-time loser on parole.

(e) a fugitive from justice. (d) a bired gangland executioner.

\$ Lieutenant McInerney is paying one
f his daily visits to bospitalized "Soup" Wheeler, who has had two .38-caliber sluss removed from his left shoulder. The officer, noting the safecracker's gaping expression

and continual yawning, recognizes them as (a) an addict deprived of drugs (b) an addiet who bas just bad bis shot.

(c) a prisoner feigning insanity 4. Patrolman LeMay takes exception to veteran Policeman Casino's claim that he can toll at first clance whether a hale in a can toll at mrs giance whether a more in a plate glass store window was made by a bullet or a small stone. Rookie Leiksy says he has read that, whether a bullet is fired at close range or from a considerable distance, the hole it makes through glass is

not readily distinguishable from that made by a stone. Which officer is right? (a) Rookie Patrolman LeMay (b) Veteran Patrolman Casino 5. Police records show more delinquent children in families where there has been a second marriage and the youngsters are under the supervision of:

(a) a stepmother (b) a stepfather 6. Court Officers Morrison and Wagner are arguing the question of unanimous jury decisions versus the two-thirds majority.
Morrison's point for unanimity is that the defendant feels he is getting a fairer deal. Wagner argues that since even supreme court judges often don't arrive at unanimous decisions, jurors should not be ex-pected to; that the need for unanimity in-

vites deadlocking of juries by one hold-out member. Which viewpoint do leading juriets and bar association members ad-

(a) Morrison's—unenimous decision only. (b) Wagner's two-thirds rule. 7. Detectives Magrovicz and Finley are discussing ways and means to get the truth out of "Lemons" Deber, locked up in the county jail on a vagrancy charge pending investigation as a suspect in a stabbing case. Finley suggests Magrovicz plant himself as a con in Weber's cell to worm a confession out of him. The question is how the courts look on evidence obtained in

this way. Such a confession (a) would be perfectly admissible.
(b) being hearsay evidence; is not admissible (c) would not be admissible because ob-

tained by trickery.

8. Which of the following statements reflects the facts of the case as known to authorities everywhere? athornes everywhere: (a) Receivers of stolen goods are regu (a) Receiver of some goods are repaired, harly miled whenever robberies are crocked.

(b) Convictions of fences are the exception rather than the role, although in the majority of robberies fences are really ac-

cessories before and after the crime with the actual crooks virtually working for them on a commission basis. 9. Struighten out reporters Burke of the Sun and Sebastian of the Journal. According to Burke, any citizen who refuses to aid an officer in making an arrest could be guilty of a misdemeanor. Sebastian on

the other hand, is of the opinion that police officers have no right to make such a de-mand in the first place. Which reporter is

(a) Burke of the Sun.
(b) Sebastian of the Journal

 Schwan or the Perray.
 Do you know this men? He died eight years ago in the Joliet penitentiary after 17 years' imprisonment for the glaving of his second wife, Lins, and her brother, By-ron Shoup, in Au-

rora, Ill., where this bald little man had settled after practicing Able to account plausibly for victima' absence. the slayer might conceivably have escaped detection

bodies in a furnace and burying the heads in a limed flower box which he later encased in a concrete block. But he pestered the local police chief with fantastic tales of alleged persecution by his missing wife and her brother until the official, in self-de-fense, decided to get to the bottom of the (Answers on page 54)

HANG

T WAS AFTER midnight on Wednesday, July 20, 1949. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Skinner faced each other across a table in a Tacoma, Wash, restaurant. Worry and fatigue showed plainly on their faces.

"I know they've been murdered," the man said. "Ma wouldn't run off without letting us know." wousant run off without setting us snow."
"It isn't like her," agreed his wife. "But you can't do
anything tonight. Let's go home."
"I couldn't sleep," Skinner cried. "Every minute might

mean . . Reaching a sudden decision he walked to the

Sheriff Detective Clarence Otto's sleepy voice answered the huzz. The first few sentences wakened him completely.
"Where are you?" he barked. As he listened, he reached

for his clothes. "Meet me at the courthouse right away," he said, and hung up. He phoned his partner, Detective Jack Davalaar.

Minutes later they were driving rapidly up the dark hill to the Pierce County courthouse building. The Skinners were waiting on the steps. The man burst

immediately into an incoherent story. "Wait a minute," said Otto. "Let's go up to the office." With everyone seated in the small room, he leaned back

and looked at the excited couple. "Now," he said, "start at the heginning."

Skinner looked at his wife and nodded. She leaned forward narmusly

"This afternoon," she said. "I drove out to visit Archie's mother and stendad. They live about 11 miles southeast of

"Their names?" asked Otto "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Easley. We call her Ma. A

strange man and woman met me at the door. I saked them where Ma was and the man said they were living there while the Engleys went on a five-week vecation. That's not

"You're sure?" Detective Otto said "They'd not go away," Skinner broke in. "Not without letting us know."

"Ma's Glorens "

"Ma and Howard had visited us only last week. They would have said something about such a plan," the wife explained "These folks at the house asked me in." Mrs. Skinner con-

tinued. "The man said Howard had put them there to care for the rabhits and tend to the place while they were gone. I looked around in confusion. And then—" the woman's voice dropped to a whisper—"I saw the glasses."

"Saw what?" demanded Detective Otto. "Ma's slasses. They were on the table. I was sure something was terribly wrong. Ma could hardly see without her glasses; she wouldn't have gone away without them."

"Couldn't she have forgotten them?" Otto asked, "People

Mrs. Skinger shook her head positively. "No. Her glasses were as much a part of her as her shoes.

I not out of there. When I told my hushand, he decided to call you. I can't get over the feeling that Ma and Howard

She was on the verge of hysteria and her hushand reached over to take her hand "You did just right, ma'am," Otto said gently. He reached for the phone and dialed a private number. "This does look

bad. I'm going to call in the sheriff to go out there with us right now and investigate," Otto explained the situation to Sheriff H. W. "Lee" Croft.

veteran Western manhunter, for six years the law enforcement head in Pierce County. Croft joined the group in a few minutes, and the five persons piled into a county car and sped through the night. Enroute Skinner explained that his mother and step-

father lived in semi-retirement on a small tract in fartile Pierce County. The stepfather was 62, the mother 67. They were quiet people who minded their own husiness and had little contact with their neighbors. Homes were at least a quarter of a mile apart in that area.

The car stopped hefore a small, modern house, its white paint ghostly in the darkness. When Otto knocked, a

heavyset man, whose rumpled hair indicated he had just

The old couple had vanished.

Strangers occupied their home. But the daring impersonation by the scheming young slaver failed

BY STUART WHITEHOUSE





Above: Map of the murderer's trail. The elderly couple were killed at their home (cross) south of Tacoma, then driven to a wilderness grave marked by cross at right.

The youthful suspect (left) was paroled after serving 18 months of a 20-year sentence for forgery. Eight weeks later he faced murder charges for a double slaying.





Arrow points to the crude me grave which contained the bodies of the elderly couple. It was found by Mrs. Chorles Gill, standing at the head of the grave, and her husband (obove orrow) while picking berries.

got out of bed, came to the door. "We're from the sheriff's office," tto said. "May we come in?" Otto said The man stepped to one side and the three officers entered, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Skinner. A pretty, curly-baired woman, who had donned a kimona, joined the group in the kitchen "Where are the Easleys?" asked

The man shrugged. "I explained it to this lady yesterday. We've taken the house while the Easleys are on va-

cation."
Mrs. Skinner pointed to a table.
"What are Ma's glasses doing here,
then?" she demanded.

"They were here when we arrived," the stranger explained patiently. don't know a thing about them. "Let's take this in order," suggested Sheriff Croft. "Who are you and how

did you happen to take over the Easley The man seated the visitors while his wife put on coffee. "We were living in a trailer camp closer to Tacoma," he began. "My name is Leroy Love. We just moved West from Tulsa, Okla. Haven't found a regular home yet. Sunday morning I

was standing around the gas pumps at the camp, chinning with the owners. A man drove up in a black '37 Chevvie

"That's Howard's car!" Skinner ex-

"Mr. Easley got out and mentioned that he was going on a vacation for five weeks and wished he could find somebody to live in his place and take care of his rabbits." Love went on. "He said he'd like to have a couple without children move in." Otto, who had heen taking notes,

looked up. "How long did you talk with him?" "About 20 or 40 minutes, I'd say. I never thought anything was wrong. He drove me to this house and we spent an hour and a half going over it." saw nothing suspicious?" Sheriff Croft asked.

"Not a thing. He showed me how to feed the rabbits and how to use this wood and coal stove," Love related.
"Neither my wife nor I knew how to run one. He showed me a valve under the water tank to shut off if the water got too hot. We shook hands and he I went back to the auto camp and brought my wife here Sunday afternoon. We've been here ever since.

Sheriff Croft watched the man closely. "You say he offered you this place free for five weeks? "That's right," Love insisted. "And you saw no sign of Mrs. Eusley?"

"There was no woman here." Spots On The Floor

While Love was talking, Detectives Otto and Davalsar looked around the 'Here's something!" Davalaar shout-

ed. Beside the refrigerator were two small marks in the wall. "Look like bullet holes," Croft said. Otto peered closely at the indenta-ions. "There are shreds of something around the edges."

"Don't touch them," warned the sheriff. "We'll have the pathologist out here this morning." He turned to Love. "You didn't see these?" Love. "You didn't see these:
"No," the latter replied. "We've heen

"I knew they were dead . . ." Mrs. Skinner whispered brokenly. "Who would want to harm two such fine old people?"
"We're not sure they are dead yet,"
Sheriff Croft comforted. "Mrs. Skin-

ner can you think of any reason why

your father-in-law should suddenly take off for five weeks?"
"None," Mrs. Skinner declared. "It isn't like him at all."

The two detectives continued their investigations. Otto spied two spots on the kitchen floor. He looked at Love. "What are those?" he asked.

"I helieve they're raspherry stains the Oklahoman replied "There's stuff outside that shows there's been some canning going on."
"Ma did do a lot of preserving." Skin-

Otto studied the spots. "I'm going to have the pathologist check these, any-way," he said. "They could he blood."

Sheriff Croft had been making a close study of Love. He turned to Mrs. Skinner. "Something has happened here, without a doubt," he said. "From this ner man's attitude, I'm confident he has heen telling the truth, yet it doesn't make sense. There's no reason why your folks would fly off like this without saying goodhye "That's right," she nodded.
"And so "The she "And so . . The sheriff

and so . . ." The sheriff paused abruptly and glanced at Love. "I think ve got the answer. Mr. Love, what did Easley look like?" Love thought a moment. "He was a good-looking fellow, dark and curly-

haired, about 30, with . 'But Howard was in his 60s!" Mrs. Skinner interrupted. Croft smiled grimly. "That's right. The only way we can reconcile Mr.

Love's story with what we know about the real Easley is that this man is an "Then he killed Ma and Howard." Mrs. Skinner moaned. "I felt all along they were dead." 'It looks that way," said the sheriff

gently. "Now let's see what we can do ahout it." No additional evidence of foul play was found in the dwelling, but in a shed behind the house the investigators found a pile of hloodstained clothing



Sheriff H. W. Croft correctly figured the buriol locale from his study of a Washington road mop.

and some rags which bad been used to mop up blood.

Mrs. Skinner covered ber eves Those clothes belonged to Ma and Howard," she said faintly Croft's voice grew hard and determined. "This means murder! We'll get a crew out here today and search the entire place. He may have hidden the bodies in the brush around here.

Love touched his arm, "That car had a trunk section, sheriff. He might have put them in there." "It could be." Croft admitted. "But we'll still search the entire place." Again

he looked speculatively at Love. "You and your wife are the two main witnesses against this man. If he should come back your lives would be in danger. I think it best that we keep you under our protection.

Love glanced at his wife. "I guess we'd both feel safer," he said. Arrangements were made for their protection in case the mystery man should return. Love was able to add little to his description of his bogus landlord except that he was good-looking, had brown eyes and was of medium height.

Sheriff Croft called in his entire force of deputies and put them on the case In addition to Davalaar, these included Sheriff's Captain John Kendersi, Detectives Dave Ward and Dal Costley Prosecutor's Investigator August St. Pierre, a retired Tacoma police

"We're going to give our entire time to this case," Croft announced. "This is a 24-hour proposition. We've got a lot to find out.

The sheriff posed these questions to his men: Had the Easleys been mur-dered, and if so, where were their bodies? What was the motive behind the strange killing? Accepting Love's story, who was the mystery man and where was be?

Deputies were sent to search the rounds around the Easley residence. They were accompanied by C. P. Larson, prominent Tacoma pathologist. After digging and probing for hours. they returned without finding any trace of the missing couple. Larson's report cinched the question of violence. "There

was human flesh imbedded in the bullet boles, Also, the stains on the floor are human blood." The killer had evi-

dently removed the hullets "That confirms our theory," the sheriff announced, "Now to find the bodies and the killer."

"If he had them in the car, he could have dumped them anywhere, Detective Otto observed.

The sheriff reached among the papers on his desk. "I've heen giving that some thought," be said mildly. "Let's look at a map."

Look East

Spreading a Washington chart before them, he put a finger on the approximate location of the Easley home you were a killer with a couple of bodies to dispose of, where would you he asked his men. go," he asked his men.
"As far from people as I could," De-

tective Davalaar said. .
"Right," Croft agreed. "Look at the map. "To the north is Tacoma and Seattle; to the south is Olympia and other cities. The killer wouldn't head for them. He couldn't go west; he'd hit the Sound. His only direction into an unsettled area is east . . "Up the Naches Pass!" broke in Cap-





Mr. and Mrs. Howard Easley lived in semi-retirement in a sparsely settled area. But for a fateful visit their murder might have gone undiscovered for weeks.

tain Kendersi. "You've hit it, sheriff!" The Naches Pass is a wilderness highway, winding through towering forests of pine and fir, valleys choked with vines and underbrush, beside rushing streams and along the rim of yawning precipices. It runs east-west across the coastal Cascade Mountains to mighty Mt. Rainler and its national park.

"The killer wouldn't take the bodies into the park; there are too many people the sheriff went on. rangers might stop him, too. My hunch is that he'd hide them up some ahandoned logging road this side of the park

"That's still a lot of territory," Detective Otto remarked The sheriff nodded. "True, But we've got one thing on our side."
"What's that?" asked Davalaar
"The berry pickers," said

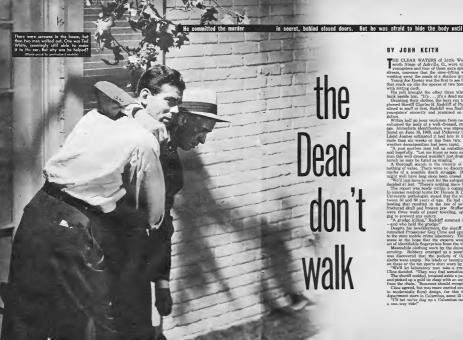
"The berry pickers," said Croft.
"There are bundreds of vacationers and campers (Continued on page 54)



of the Easley home were the first evidence the investigayors had that the vanished couple had met with faul play. the Loves there. His brother, Ivan Skinner, is at right.



The two bullet holes (arrows) discovered in the kitchen Mr. and Mrs. Archie Skinner reported his mother and stepdod missing after she drove out to the Easley's and foun



BY JOHN KEITH

"HE CLEAR WATERS of Little Wainut Creek, on the south fringe of Ashville, O., were an open invitation to youngsters and four of them were splashing notsily in the stream, unaware that the slow-lifting waves were steadily washing away the sands of a shallow grave along the shore. Young Joe Heeter was the first to see the protruding knees that stuck up like the apexes of two bony triangles, covered

that stack up like the spaces of two bony triangles, covered with rotting cloth.

In the other three who clambered up the bank beside him. "It's ..., it's a dead man!" Joe creek. Grabbing their clothes, the bops ran to Ashvillc and tele-phoned Sheriff Charles H. Radcliff of Pickaway County. In-clined to scol' at first, Radcliff of Pickaway County. In-clined to scol' at first, Radcliff was finally impressed by the youngsters' sincerity and promised an immediate investi-

Within half an hour workmen from nearby Circleville had exhumed the body of a well-dressed, stocky man of middle age. Immediate identification was impossible; the body was found on June 13, 1949, and Pickaway County Coroner Dr. Lloyd Jonnes estimated it had lain in the sandy grave not Lloyd Jonnes estimated it had lain in the sandy grave not more than six weeks or less than two. In the hot summer weather decomposition had been rapid. "A post mortem may tell us something," Sheriff Radeliff said hopefully, "Let me know as soon as possible, doctor, A man this well dressed wouldn't just drop out of sight. I've a

hunch he may be listed as missing." A thorough search in the vicinity of the grave revealed nothing of value. There were no discernible bloodstains nor marks of a possible death struggle. But both, of course, might well have long since been crased by water and wind.

"We'll just have to wait for the autopsy report," the sheriff decided at last. "There's nothing more to be learned here." The report was ready within a comparatively short time. In concise medical terms Dr. Horace B. Davidson, Ohio State University pathologist, stated that the victim was a man be-tween 50 and 80 years of age. He had suffered a merciless beating that resulted in the loss of several front teeth, a fractured skull and broken jaw. Stuffed deep in his throat were three wads of paper toweling, apparently used as a

were three wans or paper towening, apparency used as a gag to prevent any outery.

"A gradge killing," Radchiff summed up, "But who is he—and who held the grudge."

Despite his bewilderment, the sheriff moved rapidly. He consulted Prosecutor Gay Cline and appealed for assistance to the state mobile crime laboratory. This was rushed to the scene in the hope that the experts would be able to lift a set of identifiable fingerprints from the victim's right hand. Meanwhile clothing worn by the deceased was given close Meanwhile clothing worn by the decessed was given close scrutiny. Robbery emerged as a possible motive when it was discovered that the pockets of the expensive hrown slacks were empty. No labels or isundry marks were visible on these or the tan sports shirt worn by the victim. "We'll bet laboratory men take a crack at the clothing,"

"We'll set into actors are the condition of the sheriff nodded, brushed aside a pair of brown oxfords.

The sheriff nodded, brushed aside a pair of brown oxfords. and picked up a gold the clasp with an onyx cameo suspended from the chain. "Someone should recognize this."

Cline agreed, but was more excited over a red and blue the

in modernistic floral design, for this bore the label of a department store in Columbus, some 15 miles distant.

"I'll bet we've dug up a Columbus mobster who went on a one-way ride!"



This youth was found with the wead man's car. But he convinced the cops that he was the victim's best friend . . . and he had an unshakable alibi.

Cline, making a closer study of the tie clasp, looked up. "Why do you say that?"

"Took more than one man to do this job," the sheriff explained. "It's not easy to stuff paper down a fellow's threat when he's alive and kicking letters that's what was done. The way I figure it, the murder was committed elsewhere and the hody brought here for burial."

If this hunch was correct, and if the dead man had a record, then his fingerprints would tell the tale. But classification of these required time. However, state laboratory men were able to a facilitate the investigation by reporting that the victim was in his middle 50a, approximately six feet tall and had weighted in the neighborhood of 120s and 120 per six of the carefully tended or had never done much manual labor.

Phatos Dan't Match Radeliff pondered this information

then telephoned Detective Chief Gleen Hoffman in Columbus. "Better comb your missing persons file," he ordered teraely, after briefing his fellow officer on what had occurred. "That fingerprint check may not pan out." Hoffman promised the full cooperation of his homickie squad and added, "I'll call you hack if we learn anything.

Prosecutor Cline was already going through the files in Radcliff's office and had selected three which beld promise. "Here's one that comes close," he said tentatively. "A fellow wanted as an accomplice in the murder of Eleanor Gifford at Athens." "Could he," the

"Could he," the sheriff said, studying another photograph of a man missing from Norwood, O, since February 6. "Height and weight fit," be said, reluctantly tossing the paper to one side. "But our man hasn't been desd that long. Besides, this fellow is only 34." "How about this?" Cline pushed for-

Claime pushed forward the photo of a Circleville man, age 56, who had disappeared in March while on a shopping trip to Columbus. That's more like it." Radchiff studied the description in-

tently. "Suppose you get his folks on the phone. Find out what he was wearing when last seen."

The prosecutor party without trouble, but

reached his party without trouble, but five minutes later he hung up. "No dice. He never owned a tie class with an onyx cameo."

The ringing phone interrupted shrilby. It was Chief Hoffman on the line.

"We have a Theodore White missing since June 4," the Columbus officer said hriskly. "Last seen driving a 1949 green Dodges sedan. At the time he disappeared the man were hrown ordords, hime socks, however sleddes and a tunture of the sedant sedant sedant sedant with a gold chain cleap and an onyx cameo. That stacks up prefty well.

doesn't it?"
"It's almost too perfect." Radeliff admitted. "Got anyone to make an

identification?"
"Il send a man down with two of
White's friends," Heffman promised.
"If it seems necessary, White's wife can
make a positive identification later on."
Chief Heffman not only hit the jackpot, he hroke the hank as well. Friends
of the missing man recognized the onyx
tie clasp and Stell White promptly
identified all the articles of clothing as

having belonged to her husband.

But 58-year-old Theodore White was
no hoodium. A veteran of World War
I, he was employed as a truck driver
by the Ohio Furniture Company in
Columbus. He had neither wealth nor
underworld connections. And his wife
contributed to their income by working
for a glass company.

White, it was learned was a gregarious fellow, friendly and a good mixer. He dressed well and liked to go out at night, but it was improbable that anyone would kill him for the small amount he carried in his wallet. His home life was, at least outwardly, happy. And the only arguments that arone stemmed from White's looseness with money. He was known to have borrowed on his car several times, but never mentioned why he needed the extra funds.

He made a practice of leaving home on Saturday night and remaining away for the weekend. He had left on one of these three-day jaunts June 4, following an argument over money. But since the quarrel had not been serious Mrs. White had worried when he did not return Monday morning, and reported his disappearance to the police. Chief Hoffman and Sergeant Lowell Sheets listened to this recital without comment. The man's prolonged absences from home meant just one thing to them: another woman. And in their book another woman with perhaps a jealous husband or suitor in the background, could add up to murder, "This case has all the symptoms," Hoffman said reflectively. "The sheer brutality of the crime, for one thing-

It's a grudge slaying if I ever saw one. Where's The Car?

Centering in Columbus, the investigation now picked up speed. Virtually every main in the hureau was assigned to the case. Cruiser cars were used to hring in White's former friends for questioning while still other officers interviewed proprietors and waitresses of taprooms which the victim had been

known to frequent:
"I want the woman," Chief Hoffman told his men. "And I want her quick!"
However, wanting and getting do not always go hard in hand. A few of Whitle's friends admitted discreetly that he had been enamouned of a young blonde, presumably from Meigs County. But White had been chary with intro-



Sheriff C. H. Radcliff examines the articles of clothing which helped him to identify victim.



Theodore White was a generous chop, free with his maney. But he wasn't free with a girl friend.

ductions and no one knew her name.
Reports from officers on the barroom beat were equally disappointing.
White was a familiar patron of many cafes and frequently had been accompanied by a good looking blonde, but who she was or where she lived was

not known.

"I can understand that," Sergeant
Sheets remarked in exasperation.
What I can't figure out is why we have
been unable to locate White's car."
A statewide alarm had been broadcast immediately following the victim's
identification. But the investigation.

cast immediately following the victim's identification. But the investigation moved into its third day with no word on the machine. "It was probably abandoned somewhere." Chief Hoffman said. "The killer

wbere," Chief Hoffman said. "The killer wouldn't risk keeping it." White's murder had already been estimated to have occurred early on the night of June 4, sbortly after he left home. No one had seen him from that time on. And the man's failure to appear at his usual haunts led to the belief that be met death even before he was able to keep his date with his unknown

But how and where had he encountered his slayer? Where had the murtered his slayer? Where had the murder occurred? Was White's body transported in his own automobile to the lonely grave on the bank of Little Walnut Creek? Had the machine been abendoned in Columbus? If so, where was it?

These were urgent questions, deenanding immediate answers. Seeking them, Hoffman ordered a dragnet of the them, Hoffman ordered as dragnet of the attent of Sheriff Radeliff, requesting that a thorough search be made of the area where the body had been found. "The car may be consealed in your district," he explained. "It's important we find it, sheriff. A counte of soul

fingerprints right now could break the control of the bunt was on, but it remained for a couple of patrolmen in suburban Up-per Arlington to bring it to a close. Sergeant Joseph Green and Patrolman J. N. Albanese were cruising West Lane Avenue when they spotted a 1390 green.

Dodge ahead.

Alerted for just such a contingency,
Green checked the license number and
almost swerved off the road. "That's
White's Dodge!" he shouted. "Every
cop in the state has been looking for it."

Allanese tripped the siren and the
green car pulled obediently toward the

curh. But the driver and his girl companion only stared in bewilderment at the two officers who approached with drawn guns. "I wasn't doing anything wrong," the man said mildly. Green holstored his revolver and leaged one arm on the door. "Buddy," he asked bluntly, "is this your car?"
"No. It belongs to a friend."
"What friend?"
"Tod White"

"Okay. Let me see your license."
The driver produced his wallet and extracted a card which he held out for inspection. Green studied it carefully. "Cecil Martin," be said. "Jackson Street Columbus O.

Albanese went back to the squad car and radioed beadquarters of their find. He was instructed to bring the driver and his companion in for questioning, after which the Dodge would be processed at a police garage.

after wince the zooge cased at a police garage. a grim mood when the quartet arrived. "We have your name on file," be said abruptly, time, didn't you."
"Ohio pen." Martin agreed. "There's no use denvine it."

"Ohio pen," Martin agreed. "There's no use denying it." "You also knew Theodore White bad been murdered?" "Yes." "Then how do you happen to be driv-

ing his car?"

Ted learned it to me," Martin said defantly. "He came to my bouse on the Saturday night he disappeared. Said he'd been having trouble with his wife and was going out of town for a few days."

Martin estimated the time of his friend's arrival at approximately 7:30 P.M. "We had a few drinks," be declared, "and about two hours later Ted asked me to drive him downtown to the bus station. I didn't see or bear from him after that. Not until I read in the newspapers that his body had been found.

"Can't you see the spot I was in?"
Martin spread his bands in a pleading
gesture. "I'd served time, I had his
car. I called Louise, but Ted hadn't
stopped to say goodbye. Believe me,
it wasn't a (Continued on noze 51)



This green Dodge was the object of a statewide search.

Officers who located it were surprised when the driver admitted it belonged to the murdered Ted White.



Four young swimmers found the body in this sandy grave after the waters of Little Wolnut Creek, near Ashville, O., had washed away the thin layer of covering soil.

TAKE A NUMBER.

RY MARTIN FISKE

dand, the fifth and least populous of New York City's boroughs. There was no baseball same on television and business was at its usual midafternoon ebb The bartender polished elegoware for lack of other occupation; a couple of hanserson nursed beers and around the relative merits of the Dodgers and the Yankees, and a third customer sat by himself, mechanically soaking up glasses of cold brew and muttering unintelligibly.

T WAS A nondescript little bar in anyhow?" one asked the barkeep. ner of the bartender's mouth and he shook his head slowly. "He's got a hot one for today. Had a dream last night one for today. Had a dream list night.

Five ducks walking on each side of the
street. He played 525 today, and he
swears it can't lose. Only, of course,
he's scared it will."

The afternoon wore on. A few more customers drifted in, men and women And each had, for the day, a magic number, a three-digit number that would bring wealth—if it came in. The other two patrons noticed him
They watched the clock. They knew
from time to time. "What's estin' him. the moment the right edition of one of the big Manhattan newspapers would reach the corner newschard the paper in which, if you knew how to read the financial pages, the winning

policy number for the day would At a few minutes of the hour one of the customers sifted out and sirolled to the corner. He was back in a minto the corner. He was back in a min-ute with the paper. Other players huddled around him, peering over his shoulder, as he unfolded the sheets. His trembling finger found the noor report of sales of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange. The second and third digits, (Continued on page 56)

Bitz (right, tap) on ex-can who was wark-ing far a New Yark newspaper when arrested, covers his face in phata above as detectives take him to palice headquarters.

Galdberg (right), nabbed with Bitz, was
assistant circulation manager af same paper.



Escorted by Detective Edward Fitz-patrick (right), Dennisan Duble (cen-ter), Cincinnati clearing hause afficial, is shown arriving in Manhattan.

Months of careful investigation led to the arrests of (1) Martin Martin san, (2) Abraham Galdberg, (3) Jack Feldman, (4) Irving Bitz, (5) Emilia Stralla and (6) Edward Kane—all re-partedly members of a numbers ring.





clue of the GLOVE

BY HUGH V. HADDOCK

"DTIEER Mother?"
Louis Woodruff, busy with barn half miles northeast of Locut Grove, Okla, the half miles northeast of Locut Grove, Okla, other half miles northeast of Locut Grove, Okla, other half with the half

started for the house. He saw Patricia race into the yard, clutching her seboolbooks, and Mrs. Woodruff run out of the kitchen and gather the solbling child in her arms. "It's granddad!" Patricia wept as her father came up. "He's laying over there on the floor,

and there's blood all around him?"
"Merciful heavens!" Mrs. Woodruff gasped.
"Louis!"
Woodruff swung in alarm and stared in the direction of the two-room home of his father-in-law 72-vear-old E. C. "Tom."

father-in-law, 72-year-old E. C. "Tom," Tims, a quarter-mile back toward the highway. Then, quieting his wife, he drew the story from Patricia. Alighting from the school bus, he learned, the child walked down the lane to her grand-

the child walked down the lane to her grandfather's house for her usual after-school visit with the old man. But her calls hrought no response. She circled the house, looking for him, then peered in at the half-opened front door. "I saw him!" The child sobbed. "He..."

"I saw him!" The child sobbed. "He . . ."
Memory of the nightmartsh scene sent the
little girl into an uncontrollable fit of crying.
"Somebody murdered him!" Mrs. Woodruff cried. "I know it!"

It didn't make sense to Louis Woodruff.
Why would snyone kill kindly old Tom
Tims? Wasting no time in argument, he
slipped through the yard gate and ran toward
Tims' little hilltop farmhouse.

A thin trail of blood across the unplaned oak planks checked Woodruff's stride as he mounted the front steps. But that was nothing to compare with what was inside.

Pecing through the open donway, Woodruff saw that the combination living room and bedroom was a shambles. But after his first glance, Woodruff was sware only of Tom Time body. It lay on one side, fully elothed, near the door, the face basten and slashed beyond recognition and the heek of the head a welter of wounds. Plainly the old man had been dead for many hours. Woodruff deshed heek to his own house.

Woodruff dashed back to his own house, loaded his wife and their three children into the car and drove to the home of Homer Cowan, the nearest neighbor with a telephone, where be called City Marshal Herman Greathouse in Locust Grove.

Greathouse was willing to help in every way, but the case was outside his jurisdiction. He immediately relayed the news to the office of the Mayes County sheriff at Pryor, 20 miles northwest. Fred Grimes, chief criminal deputy sheriff

Fred Grunes, chief criminal deputy shertif and a veteran officer, took the call and crackled out his orders. A few minutes later, he left Pryor with Deputy Sheriff Claude Me-Cracken.

Retering the russed Cherokee Hills coun-

Entering the rugged Cherokes Bills country that surrounds Locust Grove, they stopped in town and picked up Marshal care, containing Troopers Carl Pugh and Carl Snooks and County Attorney Jack Burney Daylight was beginning to fade when they not Woodruff and Interned to his story. Assured that his wife and children would companied the officers to the scene of the nurrier and let them into the blood-splat-uniform the companied the officers to the scene of the nurrier and let them into the blood-splat-

Tom Tims had been brutally hacked to

Soiled, crudely mended, the five fingers of this bit of canvas pointed to a killer when an old man said, "Try it on for fit!" death with an axe. That much was plain as the officers examined the body. Any of the wounds would have been fatal, but the killer, in frenzy of either fear or anger, had struck again and again.

The dead man was sprawled in front of his easy chair as though he had just risen from it when struck down. His right hand still clutched his corncoh nine, and on the bed his spectacles and part of the Sunday paper lay as if he had just dropped them. Near the front door, a scattering of hroken glass showed where a kerosene lamp had been knocked to the floor and broken. "So he was killed before dark vesterday evening," McCracken com-mented tightly. "Otherwise the lamp would have exploded and burned the

Victim's Axe Used

Grimes nodded, his mind busy as he studied the scene. "Just ahout sunset," he agreed. "The old man was sitting where he'd get the light from that window on his paper. Somebody slipped

up behind him, probably through the hack door, and . . An exclamation from Woodruff cut into his words. Tims' own axe, the former reported, was missing from its usual place hehind a trunk in the

corner. The officers stared at Woodruff, then at each other. "This gets more complicated all the time," Trooper Pugh said shortly. "If the killer didn't hring his own weapon,

what was he doing here in the first place? And how did he know where to find the axe?

Nobody had the answers. "Who was his housekeeper?" Trooper

Spooks asked. Nobody, Woodruff told them, Time

had been an old age pensioner and lived "In fact," Woodruff continued, "Tom hasn't had anyhody working for him at all since Raymond Vann helped him a

few days early this spring." And re-

lations with the easy-going Raymond Vann had been of the best, he said. Perplexed, Grimes turned his flashlight heam again on the dead man. That time he noticed that Tims' pants pockets had been turned out. At first, the idea that anyone would murder an old-age pensioner for his money seemed ridiculous. Then the chief deputy reminded himself that some of them managed to cache away substantial sums for a rainy

Tims, he learned, had been one of these. In addition to the small amount of money which the elderly man carried loose in his pockets, he had accumulated more than \$200 which he kent around the house in two worn pocketbooks. There was no evidence,

however, that the house had been "Just the same," Grimes snapped, "we're going to look for that money. There's a pretty good chance that whoever killed Tims knew exactly where

nut his hands on it" While the two deputies and Marshal Greathouse joined Woodruff and Cowan in a search of the bouse, the two troopers went outdoors to pick up what clues they could before the inevitable crowd

arrived to hlot them out.

They followed the trail of blood splotches from the front porch around the house. There, on the hack yard gate, Snooks discovered the bloodied imprint of a man's right hand.

"The guy must have cut himself in some way," he speculated. There was a man's footprint in a halfdried mud puddle near the gate, and out post the harn and the orchard, a

canvas glove lay on one side of the path. A crudely mended tear caught Pugh's eye as he picked it up. "A man did that sewing job." he sur-.

mised. "And it wasn't Tom Tims. That glove didn't belong to him any more than the footprint did." "Tve got a hunch we can fit that glove on somebody," Snooks said.

Pugh's eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Bloodhounds might do that joh." Swinging around, the two troopers hurried back to the house. Grimes and County Attorney Burris, who had found no trace of the murdered man's small hoard, quickly agreed to the idea. The patrolmen and Burris returned to Locust Grove and telephoned the state penitentiary at McAlester, requesting

the loan of the prison's dogs. Remaining at the scene with Mc-Cracken, Grimes put the steadily growing crowd of neighbors and townsmen to work searching for the death

But an hour later when Burris and the two troopers returned with the promise of the prison dogs, the whereahouts of Tom Tims' axe and money and the identity of his slayer were as

much a mystery as ever. "Okay," Pugh said. "So he was killed for his dough. It is as simple as that. "I'd wondered the same thing." Grimes admitted. "But if you're suggesting some woman was mixed up . .

"I heard in town that a fellow named Bill Pelly and his wife broke up out this way a while back." Pugh broke in. He glanced inquiringly at Greathouse. Maybe there's no connection, but where does Pelly live?" "Pelly!" the marshal repeated. "That path you followed ought to lead right

to his place."

Ashes Fail Dags

Grimes' face mirrored his excitement as he glanced around the circle and saw his own suspicions reflected from a dozen pairs of eyes.

"Hold everything," he cautioned tensely. "And keep your lips huttoned in front of this crowd. Wait until the

dogs get here Trainer A. L. Jones arrived with the bloodhounds shortly after midnight. Pugh gave them the glove which he had



found for a scent guide. Almost in- ing and whimpering, the bloodhounds stantly they picked up the trail and plunged down the path in the darkness Grimes, McCrucken and Greathouse with Cowan leading, followed as best they could as the dogs and their trainer disappeared. Scratched and winded, they came out of a patch of tangled woodlands into a rocky field nearly three miles from the Tims house and only a short distance from heavily traveled State Highway 33.

The field had been recently burned

circled again and again. But it was plain they had lost the scent "Do you know where we are?" Grimes asked finally. "This is Bill Pelly's place if I'm not

mistaken," Cowan said, "His house ought to be just beyond those trees." The house was dark and Pelly away. Entering, they saw his bed had not been slept in. McCracken opened the door of the one clothes closet and found most of the clothing gone. He flashed off, and each step by men and hounds his light over the floor and froze as the raised a cloud of ashes and soot, Sneezbeam picked out a bloodstained shirt.

"I reckon that's about all we need." he commented tightly, handing the garment to Grimes.

The stain spread across the right sleeve and down one side of the shirt. For a moment the chief deputy studied it in silence. Then, rolling the garment carefully, he swung to the others. "Greathouse, you and Cowan get Jones and the dogs back to the Time farm as fast as you can go. Report to Burris and tell him the ball's his now.

Tell Pugh and Snooks to get out a pickup for Pelly on that two-way car radio -paying special attention to Tulsa and to Siloam Springs, Ark. 1 want road blocks put up on all east-west highways at the Arkan-sas line. McCracken," he continued, turning to his subordinate, "you and I will stay here to greet

Mr. Pelly in case he returns home. Snooks got district patrol headquarters at Claremore while Greathouse, who knew Pelly, was still reeling off the man's description-six feet tall, 30 years of age dark hair and eyes, and a tagged scar above the left eve. "And tell 'em." the marshal

sdded, "that they can get his fingerprints from the penitentiary at McAlester. Pelly served a fiveyear rap there for assault with intent to kill."

Satisfied that the hunt for Pelly would be in full cry over a third of the state within minutes. Greathouse returned to Locust Grove and the others went on to Choteau 11 miles west, where Highway 33 cut across U. S. Highway 69 and where, the marshal recalled, Pelly sometimes (Continued on page 51)



The victim had just laid aside his



"A man did this sewing jab," one in- In the half-dried mud behind Tims



reading glasses and was still clutch vestigator determined, pointing to the home a distinct footprint was firming this pipe when the killer struck. awkward stitching on the work glove. It had to be the slayer's.



did not suggest he was wealthy. But hand was found an the gate near Time'



The ald man's home and way of life This bloody imprint of a man's right there were rumors . . . that was enough. home. Had the killer been injured?

MURDER'S NO JOKE

The killer laughed as he confronted his

victim. He was still laughing when

he drew his automatic and blazed away



With Sergeant Charles Burkett looking on, Floyd Leslie, prosecutor's oide, holds a confession for Albert Hansbrough to read.

Indiano State Troopers V. N. Pursell (at left) and Paul Christian display two guns allegadly used by Lloyd Abbett's slayers. N THE prosperous little college city of Franklin, Ind., they call him the "laughing killer." But they'll give you odds he won't be smiling when—and if—the grim guards at the state pentientizary strap him into the elec-

tric chair.

The strate of Franklin, even in the business district, The strate of \$2.0 the Welchesdy night of March \$2.00 the Welchesdy night of March \$2.00 the Welchesdy night of March \$2.00 the strate of the st

Stucker's and talked for a moment. I nen two of them entered while their companion lounged indifferently outside.

Lloyd L. Abbett, the graying, 49-year-old manager of the establishment, moved down the counter as the two young fellows sidled up before the display of bottles of

bourbon.
"That's for us," said one, a dark, curly-haired man in his mid-20a. "Good for snakebite—or old age." He laughed merrily at his own joke, and Abbett answered with a hearty chuckle as he pulled down a fifth of

The customer was still laughing as he reached for the bourbon. "And I'll take what money you got here, too," he said. Abbett's first alarm was quelled by the patron's





Left to right: State Police Detective Robert Bennett, Police Chief Honly McMillin, William Coine and R. B. Lybrook, Johnson County prosecutor, as Caine was being questioned in connection with the Abbert killing.



Indianapolis' Prosecutor George Dailey gave valuable old to his neighboring colleague in the investigation of the murder. He turned up a lead in a hardware burglary case.



Everett Stucker's liquor store in Fronklin, Ind., was the scene of the wanton slaying by the "loughing killer." An employe of a nearby poolholl saw the holdup quartet flee.

seemingly harmless mirth. It was nothing but a joke, be assured himself; the fellow wasn't holding a gun. "Sure," the manager replied. "Sure

go ahead. Take whatever you can find."
Then it happened. With the laugh still on his lips, the customer flashed the longbarreled, black automatic pistol. aluga snarled from its muzzle. Abbett's smile twisted into a grimace of agony and he buckled toward the counter. The two young men wheeled and fled. Abbett pawed his way to the end of the counter and staggered toward the door, where he collapsed on the threshold. The shots were heard in the poolroom Paul Norton, an employe, moved swiftly to the street. He heard the roar of a to the street. He neard the roar of a racing automobile motor and saw a dark sedan flash up the thoroughfare. It held four men, he noted. Then, turning his attention to the liquor store, he saw Ahbett lying in the entry Before Hanly Mcl

McMillin Franklin's youthful police chief, and Johnson County's Sheriff Howard Maxwell could set to the stone, men who rushed from the billiards hall took Abbett to the county's Memorial Hospital. Both shots had struck him; he was in a critical condition from one wound in the abdome It took but a moment for McMillin to hear from Norton the story of what he had seen. It took but a moment more for the police chief to phone the nearby state police barracks and flash a warning on the speeding dark sedan. And within but a few minutes more the troopers bad out into operation their prearranged

plan to block all highways in the region.
Meanwhile Sheriff Maxwell grounded pursuit from his own department, and then joined his colleague in a search for clues inside the liquor store The bottle of whisky lay on the counter. They left it for the fingerprint men. The cash register had not been touched by Furny sort of a stickup," Maxwell said.
If it user a robbery," Chief McMillin

"If it user a robbery," Chief McMillin replied, "Lat's get to the hospital, How-ard, Maybe Abbett can talk."

Weapon Identified

The victim was conscious, but weakening rapidly. In faltering words he described the two assailants. The laughing man who shot him was slim, not had looking; his partner was just a kid, prob-ably no more than 18, with bland hair. He'd seemed scared when the older man drew the pistol. He'd tried to protest, but seemed to be speechless. Abbett could tell the officers no more: he was now drift-

ing into insensibility.

In an emergency operation, the two bul-lets were removed from the storekeeper's body. Then he was transported to the Robert E Long Memorial Hospital in Indisnapolis where, it was hoped, the re-sources of a great medical center could

save his life. State police experts studied the alusa Of 22-oaliber, they had been fired from a new High Standard automatic, a target type weapon. Identification men examinar

fingerprints.

The road block falled to trap the fugitives and pursuit of the fleeing sedan was hopeless from the start. So, working with only the ingerprint and bullet clue poslaughing guuman, police set out to solve a crime which enraged the peaceable com-

Since there had been no actual attempt to take anything of value from the liquor

the possibility that the holdup gesture had been a screen to cover a shooting for per-However, a careful inquiry into the past life of Lloyd Abbett left them completely in the dark as to any person who magni have any reasonable excuse to try to kill

Franklin police fine-combed their own city and from the sweepings picked sev-eral likely suspects, but all completely exonerated themselves. The FBI could not identify the prints taken from the bottle left behind by the matched in the local files of detectives in

Indianapolis, the nearest large city to Then on March 7, Lloyd Abbett died The investigation, virtually at a standstill was pushed with new vigor as the crime From the fact that the driver of the etaway car knew the roads in that section well enough to avoid the state police

blockades, detectives deduced that he must live somewhere in the stee "The most logical place," said State Po-lice Detective Robert Bennett, "would be Prosecutor Robert B. Lybrook of Frank-

lin got in touch with his colleague in In-dianapolis, Prosecutor George S. Dailey Detectives sifted through the underworld of the state capital on the trail of a new High Standard automatic pistol in the hands of a criminal Sergeant Stanley Burkett of Dailey's

staff ferreted out one vague lead from a stoolpigeon. "Look around Denville, a stoolpigeon. "Look around Danville," chief

Danville is a small city, the seat of Hendricks County, about 20 miles north-west of Indianapolis. Local authorities there could think of no resident hoodlums capable of the Abbett murder, but they did remember an incident that might be tied in remotely with the Franklin killing. Only a few days earlier a local hard

ware store had been burglarized, and the only loot was five suns and a quantity of read off to Presecutor Dalley. Among the "Any leads in the burgiary?" Datley

quartied.
"Several fingerprints," came the reply.
"Parts of three sets. They're being processed now by the FBI."
"Prints?" Dailey questioned, with a note of sleepticism in his voice. "Will they bely you much? Weren't there customers and elerks who could have left them?"

The Danville officer laughed. "The glass unter where these prints were foun

closing time that day Of the impressions taken from the Danville hardware counter, the FBI was able to mark one thumb imprint as that of Albert Hansbrough, 22, of Indianapolis. Sergeant Burkett set out to find Hand brough, to arrest him for the burglary and to question him in the slaying of Abhett. However, the youth had left his parents' home on the outskirts of the city some three or four weeks earlier and his rela-tives had not heard from him since. He

drove a 1940 Hudson sedan The discovery of a new High Standard pistol in the hands of a crammal greatly interested the state, city and occupty autherities working on the Abbett case. Detective Bennett went to Indianapolis causally visited around the neighborhood of Hansbrough's home and, after a good

with one Harold Lloyd, 22, a former Army "Where's Lloyd?" the state officer inoursed of his informant "In the jug. Got caught up on a delinquency charge on account of a couple of girls two months ago." "But you said he was running around with Hamsbrough," Bennett said. "Sure. Harold was out on bail, digging up some money for his lawyer to get a new trial. He wasn't sentenced till some-

Locate Girl Friend

time this month

Lloyd, the records showed, had been sent to the state penal farm for six months, and the date of sentence was March 6four days after the Abbett shooting At the state farm detectives were informed that Lloyd was an excellent prisoner, but somewhat aloof. He had had only one visitor-a friend named Hansbrough.

Under opestioning, Lloyd said he did not know Hanshrough's whereabouts. He knew nothing, either, he insisted, about the Danville burglary or the Franklin

Bennett returned to Hansbrough's bailiwick. Further sleuthing brought him the address of Hansbrough's girl friend on Home Street in Indianapolis, and a stakeout was set in that neighborhood in the hope that he would attempt to see her a dark 1940 Hudson sodan cruised up Home Street and stopped before the girl's house. Officers nabbed Albert Hansbrugh betare he sot out of the car

The young man admitted having be in Danville the day of the burglary. He'd even been in the hardware store but, he declared, he knew nothing about any break-in of the place.
"You expect us to believe that?" Deteetive Burkett challenged "You'll have to believe it," Hansbrough nawered calmly. "You see, I stopped answered calmly.

at the store to pick up an auto part, and it the store to pick up an auto part, and I got the receipt right here with me." He showed it. Burkett and Bennett examined the paper and said nothing.

They asked Hambrough to account for his whereabouts the night of March 2. "Simple," he said. "I was driving to St. Louis."

The officers exchanged a sharp look, Becnett leaned toward young Hansbrough, and his voice was friendly and confidential as he spoke "Not according to your pal, Lloyd," he said. "Harold tells us you were in on

the Danville burglary, and that you drove the car in the Franklin killing." There was a flash of alarm in Hansbrough's eyes, but he kept control of him-"Yeah," be said. "I bet he told you he

"Yeah," be said.
was Santa Clams, too."
Believe me or not. he said. "Why should I kid you? Lloyd's doing a stretch now. We offered what help we could to spring him and to essent up for him on the Franklin deal. So be "You see, At," the state detective went

on, "we didn't even need his story. I'll tell you what hannened in Denville. You went in and bought some gadget so you could case the place. Then you got the ides of keeping that receipt to set up as alibi if you needed it. Nobody'd held or to such a thing for any other resson.

"But what you didn't know was this Before the store closed that night glass counters were washed and polished There were absolutely no fingerprints them when the place was looked up. But yours were there the next morning.

"Now, about the Franklin job. We've got witnesses who'll look at your sedan. They saw the getaway car the night Abbett was shot. How much chance do you think you're going to have with a jury."

Names Pals

Hambrough was licked. He agreed to talk. He said be and Lloyd and a third man pulled the Danville burgiary. He was inspired, Hamsbrough said, by Lloyd's desperate need of noney for his lawyer's efforts to free him of the delinquency

efforts to free him of the delinquency delines, the vegença, the youth continued, the first and a fourth man started out on what was to be a holdup tour. On their first job, at the Stucker Squor store, the compaign explored in surveive and, the gong included William Cente, 27 of Everatile, Ind., and on 18-year-old boy, John Parmell, of St. Louis.

With Hambrough's statement to produce With Hambrough's statement to produce the contract of the

With Hansbrough's statement to prod him, Harold Lloyd also admitted his part in the crimes. Lloyd said he acted as lookout outside the liquor store while Caine and Parnell went inside. Hansbrough was the getaway driver. Both named Caine as the

"When we blazed out of Frankin,"
Hansbrough and, "Bill Caine told us, 'I
accidentally plugged the old guy when I
cocked my pistol to scare him. We threw
two gurs out just north of Franklin. I
think I can find them for you."

Handrough and Lloyd were charged with murder and held in Indianapolis for Franklin authorities. Alarms went out for Caine and Paraell. That night Cautain Arthur Tenune and

Took tagest Captain Arthur Tenme and Serpean! Wayne Helevanness of the Serpean Wayne Helevanness of the Serpean Wayne Help Help Arthur Arthur Serpean Wayne Help Arthur Arthur of the city, cept silently up a flight of dinty stams and paused before a door. All was quite within. They listend for a moment and heard the faint sound of steady, regular sources. A key twisted in an old-fashioned look and it gave with-The officers dimed irsult. The money of

If in our succession of a course of the men on the bed did not rit until the torch of the bed did not rit until the torch of the bed did not rit until the torch of steel entireling his writes awakened him. Caine was a prisoner without any chance to struggle.

Some hours later, in police headquarters at St. Louis, Patronam Charles Billiers at St. Louis, Patronam Charles Billiers at St. Louis, Patronam Charles Billiers

ters at St. Louis, Patrolman Charles Billings stripped a length of tape from the printer telegraph machine and read it. John Parmell was wanted for murder in Indiana. A description of the suspect followed.

Billings filed the tape on the slaver book

Billings filed the tape on the alarm hook and went out into the tobby of the building. A dark-haired youth approached. "I want to give myself up," be said. "Where do I go!" "Who are you?" Billings asked.

"Who are you?" Billings asked.
"My name's John Parnell. I'm wanted in Indiana. I know it's no use to try to hide out. They'd get me. So I'm turning myself in."

Both Caine and Parnell told stories matching those of Hambrough and Lloyd Caine admitted the shooting, but still claimed the gun went off accidentally. The fact that two bullets, not one, were fired made the accident story very weak in the minds of the Hoosier offinials. Howmuch anyway. A main had been killed in the commission of a falony and that was sufficient to justify murder charges against

Albert Hansbrough led State Troopers

Vern N. Pursell and Paul Christian to the spot near Franklin where the guns had i been thrown from his car. Both were found.

One was a Harrington & Richards .22 target revolver, the other a High Standard automatic from which two rounds had been fired. Testa later aboved that riffing marks on this gun's bullets matched those on the slugs taken from Abbett's body, rithe arrosets and

state experts said.

On Tucsday, March 29, the Johnson County grand jury indicted all four prisoners on two counts of first degree murder. One count alleged murder in the

perpetration of a felony; the other charged homicide with premoditated malke. Arraigned in circuit court before Judge Oral Barnett, the saspects pleaded not guilty, but reserved the right to withdraw such ploss later. Handrough's attorneys made an effort to free him on a writ of misci, and all four were beld without hall for trail at a later date, in the fall term of court.

And thus, through the cooperative, intelligent work of hard-hitting police agencies, the case of the laughing killer was marked closed.



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Too Many Men and the Playgirl Died! (Continued from none 19)

he gave that woman is any indication.

And possibly a sailor," Thiele summed up.

"This case isn't going to he any cinch."

"You're forgetting something," Finch pointed out. "Mrs. Reed was a heavy drinker. Everwone who knew her has remarked about it. Chances are she was no stranger to the bartenders in her neighborhood. Maybe they can tell us who this With a photo of the victim, the detectives betan a round of heach front bara.

News of the murder had preceded them and the picture was recognized at once.
"She's been in here frequently," said the
first bartender, "but I don't know anything

"We're trying to locate one of her men friends." Thisle explained. "A tall, thin fellow with black hair. A seaman, maybe. Has be been in here with her?" The man polished the har top thought-fully. "She's been here with several mon who've bought her drinks. Any number of 'em could have been sailors

"How about this one—tall, thin?"

The bartender nodded. "I seem to remember a fellow like that. Not recently, though." He called a wateress. She too recalled a man of that description. Mrs. Reed would come in with him every night for a week or so then a couple of months would pass before the two would he together again.

"At first I thought she was going steady with him," the waitress said. "Then I wouldn't see him around, and Eddis would be with different men. All of a sudden this dark fellow would show up again." Such erratic affairs were common along the waterfront where romances were limited to a man's shore leave and playgirls were inclined to be free with their favors. The information served only to convince investigators that their suspect was indeed a sailor; in town a week, away for a month, then back again.

They continued to ply the tavern route, piecing together whatever meager facts ney could glean and finally, in one heachfront bar, they uncovered what looked to be a good lend.

The manager recalled a slender, blackhaired men who had been in asking for Eddig Reed. "I told him she hadn't been in and he said she'd promised to meet him.

He hing around for awhile, then left. Anything wrong?"

"Plenty," Finch replied, "Mrs. Reed was murdered this afternoon Apparently the news had not filtered down that far, for the man was obviously shocked. "My God! You mean that fel-

low did it?" Finch shrugged. "Whoever he is, he's got some questions to answer. What time was he in?"

"Between 2 and 3. He tried to pawn an alarm watch with me. Said he needed \$10 real quick. I wan't interested." An alarm watch? Such things were unique and if this man had been unable to pass it off any place else, he might have tried a regular pawnshop.

Next morning with the help of the pawnshop detail, the officers started afresh. Sure enough, at a loan shop near the amusement pier, such a watch had been pawned the day hefore. The ticket had been signed by a Glen Tracy, who gave

his address as 1835 National Street. He was, the clerk said, young and swarthy.
This address proved to be a two-story rooming house near a shipward between rocanng nouse near a suppare netween Long Beach and Wilmington. Cautiously they parked a block away and Thiele cov-ered the back door while Finch rang the front bell.

A young woman answered. "I want to talk with Glen Tracy," Finch said.

Had Date With Victim

"Room Ten, on the next floor," she said reluctantly, eyeing his hadge with suspi-Finch went upstairs and knocked twice. A muffed voice told him to enter. Inside

h manes voice tout nim to enter. Inside he found two sleepy young men sitting up in bed. One of them said he was Tracy. At mention of Eddis Reed, he rubbed his cycs and stared at the officer's badge. "I know her a little," he admitted. Why?" Somebody murdered her late vesterday afternoon. And I want to know where you

At this announcement hoth men jerked erect. Tracy immediately claimed that he and his roommate were working in the shippards from 3 until 11 n.m. He had met Mrs. Reed at a dance on the amusement

pers. They made a date to meet the next day but she didn't show up. "She said she was separated from her busband," Tracy added. "That's all she told me. I didn't even know where she lived. You can check at the shippard if you think I killed her."

"We will." Finch assured him. He called Thiele and they escorted the two youths to the yard. But the suspect had evidently spoken the truth. Two foremen backed up Trucy's story and there was nothing to do

Back at headquarters, the two detectives studied the autopsy report. The post-mortem, performed by Dr. Frederick Newbarr, revealed a surprising fact.

Mrs. Reed's left eye, the report stated, was almost gouged out. Both lips were badly lacerated and her neck and cheeks were hruised. Too, she had suffered a heart sleafly for the state of the surfered as the state of the basal siculi fracture. But none of these was the immediate cause of death. The

half of her brassiere was found, thrust down her throat, "Somebody must have hated her an awful lot," Finch said as he finished the report. Still, this gave no clue to the hrutal killer. And a cheek with the identification

hureau provided further disappointment. The dead woman had been fingerprinted and matching prints had been found all over her apartment. Two others, obviously made by a man, had been found on the dresser. But unfortunately the surface was too badly smudged to yield any workable

impressions.

"Let's go across the street and have lunch." Thiele suggested, slightly dismayed at the slow progress they were making Despite their preoccupation with the esse, both men were able to pack away hearty steak dinnera "Mrs. Reed could have stood a few meals like that," Finch said as he pushed away from the table. "She looked half-

Thiele straightened. "That gives me an idea. At least it's something we haven't

His partner was puzzled. "What are you talking about?" "Mrs. Reed. Remember her kitchen didn't look as though it ever was used. She probably ate in restaurants. Some of the

waitresses around there ought to know about her." "It's worth a try," Finch agreed. "We've run down everything else. As they drove through the downtown usiness section, they saw the murder was already front page news. It was being hawked from every street corner. And the tent city itself was alive with curious

Again they began the routine canvass this time covering lunch counters and restaurants and showing the victim's picture to waitresses and bus boys. Finally they stopped in at the Golden West Cafe. It was a small restaurant or the ocean front, with several booths and a counter. The waitress looked at the picture and nodded instantly

"Sure, that's Eddis Reed. I heard about her. She used to cat here nearly every day." "That's exactly what we hoped," said Thiele. "What do you know about her men friends?"

Not much. I've seen some of them, but that's all The girl went on to say that sometimes one man, sometimes another, accompanied Mrs. Reed. Usually they sat in one of the back booths. Two days earlier, the woman had come in with a blond man, a stranger to the waitress. Mrs. Reed appeared to be very nervous and kept watching the door "She came back about an bour later and asked if Bill had been in looking for her." "Bill!" Finch echaed. "Who did she

mean?" "I don't know his last name. He was a "I don't know mis list name. Are wen of tall fellow, very dark and quite a bit younger than Mrs. Reed. I told her be hadn't been in and she seemed pretty

"Did he come in with her often?"

Seaport Romance

"He did and he didn't." the waitress said. "Sometimes for a week or so she'd be in here with him and nobody else. Then all of a sudden I wouldn't see him any more for maybe a couple of months."
That's the same routine the girl at the tavern gave us," Finch said after they had left the redsurant. "Now I'm sure our left the restaurant. man's a seaman, a seaman named Bill. He was Mrs. Reed's number one how when he was in port, but while be was off on a trip,

she played the field."

"This time we've got something to work on," Thiele said with fresh zest. "The way Mrs. Reed was acting, nervous and jumpy and watching for Bill's arrival, she ex-pected his ship to dock soon. He must save come in before she expected and nave come in before she expected and found her with someone else. . the heavy-set man. What we have to look for now is a sallor named Bill who hove into port on September 18."

"Right, Let's get over to the harbor master's office." A few minutes later the officers were They found that one, the SS Syussett, had lost no time getting out to the busy barbor area where a forest of spars lay rocking The Suggest was a petroleum tanker, its familiar green-and-white superstructure towering above a cluster of smaller craft. The officers mounted the gangplank and explained their mission to the skinner. "Several of my crew are tall and thin d bave black hair," he told them. "No less than three are named Bill. However, you're welcome to talk to them."

Accompanied by the first mate, the detectives questioned the tanker crew. Had

any of them. Thiele asked, been heard to

mention a Mrs. Eddis Mae Reed? Especially any member named Bill?
One after another, the seamen shook their heads. "There's plenty of talk about But I never beard that name. Finch beld up the murdered woman's "Some man strangled ber, yespicture. "Some man strangled ber, yes-terday." he said sternly. "Somebody who, we have reason to believe, was a seaman If any of you fellows have an idea who it you'd better tell us

"Go ahead." the mate urged them Don't hold back on anything There was a long moment of sileno Finally an otier shifted uneastly. "Wel "Well beard a fellow say something, but maybe it doesn't mean much

"It might mean a lot," Thiele said.

The man then told what he had over-

heard. One of the crew had remarked that be thought his woman was unfaithful while be was away at sea. His name was William Dryman. Further questioning revoxied that Dryman was a lanky, blackhaired man from Texas. He was 32 years

Is he aboard ship now?" Finch asked "No. He went ashore soon after we docked. He hasn't come back yet." A search of the suspect's quarters turned up no pictures. But a crew member had one showing him and Dryman posing to-gether on the Seattle waterfront. If the photo could be identified by witnesses, the case was practically sewed up The officers took the suspenot and returned to the slaying scene. They found the woman who had seen Mrs. Reed's last





When Dr. Nolan's secretary opened the office, she found her employer slumped over his desk her shock, she noticed on open deak draw-er from which hung the doctor's key ring. The newspapers tabbed it the "Key Ring

Murder."

Police questioned occupents and em-ployee of the office building. A night proyes of the circu busing. A night watchman reported seeing a suspicious car about 11:30 the previous evening. He gave investigators the car's ligence num her which he had jotted down. Police picked up the car owner later that day. A ager print of the owner talked with one

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"Is this the fellow you saw hanging around the tent?" Finch asked. The witness studied the photo. "It cer-tainly looks like him," she said finally. "Of course, his clothes are different in this pacture. But I'm almost sure it's the same

It was not a positive identification, but it was encouraging. The detectives bur-ried to the Golden West Cafe. The attractive waitress needed but one sok at the photograph, "That's the man," look at the photograph. she pointed out Dryman, "who used to come in here with Mrs. Reed. The one she called Bill "

Here was solid proof that the suspect was, at least, an intrnate friend of the murdered woman. Too, be was known to be jealous of her, and she was afraid of him. The detectives felt at last they had uncovered a key to the slaver. there was no evidence that would stand up in court, but they would worry about that after they found Dryman. A description of the suspect was put into an all points bulletin and the police radio

began an hourly broadcast on him. Next, loopholes of escape they could plug.

Possibly Dryman was still in the cithinking be had outwitted the police. If so, it was lifely he was frequenting the usual seamen's baunts. Copies of his picture were printed and distributed to every bartender along the waterfront. "Call us," Finch instructed, "if this man shows up. His clothes may be

bloodstained." They went on, leaving pictures in tav-erns slong the crowded amusement pier and even in the downtown bars. Nothing, they knew, dared be overlooked. By supper time, coverage was complete and the detectives returned to headquar-ters. As they were conferring with Captsin Martin, a telephone call came in. It was from the Log Cabin Cafe on East

"I think that fellow's here," Thtele beard a man's voice say. "He looks like the ple-ture you left with us. He just had a drink and be's acting sort of queer. His shirt looks bloody."

looks bloody."

Three cars of officers raced to the down-town taven. "He just stepped outside," and Barney Koho, the barrender, wing drunkenly at the alley entraced, Sergeant R. A. Taylor walked up to him. "Are you William Dryman!" he asked.

That's me, the man reptied. Despite That's me, the man reptied. Despite man and I'm glad I clied. "A the standard of the standard in glad I clied." In the detective. He showed no remove all of medical confession and irm glad I clied." In the detective standard it. Bits version of the slateriat down-stand it. Bits version of the slateriat down-standard in glad I show that you want.

signed it. His version of the slaving dove tailed almost perfectly with the detectives' previous theory. He told bow he first met Mrs Reed at a dance. From then on, he considered her "his woman," and saw her exclusively

This time, he arrived back ahead of schedule. When he reached Mrs. Reed's tent he heard voices so he waited outside until some strange man left. "Then I went

Dryman lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply. "I told her what would bappen if I caught her cheating," he said. "Then I sammed her head against the wall and the bedstead. She kept yelling, so I staffed her bressiere down her throat. Finally she hid of ""." she laid still He covered her up and locked the door behind him. Still furious, he threw away the key. "I'd do it all again?" he said

On December 1, 1948, Superior Court

Judge Fred Miller found William Dryman guilty of second degree murder. He sen-tenced him to from "five years to life" in San Quentin prison.

Enror's Norm To spere possible em-barrasment to an imporent person, the same Glen Tracy, used in this story, is

A Chat with the Chief (Continued from near 2)

lector; be was also an excellent marks man. He was a Boy Scout troop leader, and Unruh read the Bible almost contimually. Both had good reputations.

McIntyre was arrested for a traffic violation. His resentment against a cop and complaining witness led to further rouble on assault charges. Finally he killed an arresting officer in cold blood, fled to a billtop with a rifle and slew three more men and wounded still another before ending his own life. The local sheriff blamed war souvening weapons for this mass murder. Some sentimentalists in this case and in the Camden borror contended that their war experiences had made killers of the young

To THE CHIEF, neither of these claims is valid. There is no evidence to show that our armed forces returned "conditioned killers" to society. And THE CHIEF believes that even if Unruh and McIntyre had possessed no souvenir weapons they would have found others.

It seems obvious, many psychiatrists say, ranged at the time of their bomicidal binges. And it seems plain, too, that in neither case did the dangerous condition appear suddenly, but built up gradually over a long period. In his statement to police, for example, Unruh admitted hav-ing barbored his grudge against his neigh-

bors for more than two years.

Still a third factor upon which criminal wchiatrists have agreed is that the menspotted before they lost all control and took the bloody path of murdet. These mind specialists contend that when anyone goes to excess in anything, he should be considered upon to question on his mental state. Unruh, for instance, was virtually a fanatic in his Bible reading, And, in addition, he often had mentioned his grudge and, shortly before breaking home with his sum, had frightened relatives with a "strange look in his eye."

The bone of psychiatric examination and care as a crime preventive is not new Some few steps have been taken to trans late this hope into action, but these few who, The Chier wonders, will find the

ON THE eve of going to press, THE CHIEF has learned with sorrow of the death of brave detective, one whose activities have figured in several stories in Front Page Derzerive in the post. He was Allan Lee, slain this fall by a fugitive's bullets in St. Paul's most spec-tacular manhunt in history. A short time later. Lee's slaver bimself was killed in a hall of lead from the suns of

means to bring this aid into practical use

in the progressing fight against crime

-THE CHIEF

Body in the Tub

(Continued from page 27)

mm and the others, particularly on the poker, milk bottle and key, had been smeared. The key was given particular attention, since it was brund new and could have been the one used by the killer to gain entrance into the apartment. Rocharek's key ring, with all of the keys intact, had been found in his pocket. Sergeant Waldvogel and a squad of assistants were assigned to check bakeries and dairies in the vicinity to learn if the actual purchase of the cake and bottle of milk could be traced. Key shops were to be combed for a lead to the person who had ordered the duplicate key to the slain man's apartment. Mikes and several aides began checking William Rocharek's per-

sonal affairs. somal affairs.

A telephone call was received from Charlie Rocharek, who shared the apartment He told Mikes that police had contacted him in his rented cobin in the north Michigan woods. He was returning to Chicago immediately.

Ed Rocharek, oldest of the brothers, wired that he would leave for Chicago as soon as he could find a hired man in whose care he could leave his farm.

Captain John Ptacek of the hemicide

Captain John Finess of the investigation.

aquad took charge of the investigation.

Late that night, Wednesday, May 6, a
detective reported to him that he had
found a bakeshop on Twenty-sixth Street and Homan Avenue, about half a mile from the scene of the murder, that used exactly the same kind of has that had been found under the murdered man's bed Furthermore, the bakery sold milk of the same brand contained in the broken bottle found in Rocharek's apartment. The shop was a busy one and it was appossible to narrow these class down impossible to a specific sale. But one of the clerks recalled that a man named "Baldy" Jackson, a curious character who did odd jobs on, a consens entracter was sid odd jots in the neighborhood and often alept in abandoned buildings and ballways, had made a purchase of a dozen bure and a bottle of milk at 9 o'clock on the night

the murder He had not returned since "Baidy" Jackson had often been in Rocharek's spartment to do various repair jobs. Jack-son was 35, flat-featured and phlegmatic. Detectives were ordered to pick him up

A probe into the romantic excursions of A probe into the romanue excusions in the well-to-do bachelor was surprisingly barren of results. The photographs found in his room held no clue to the identities of their senders. On this one subject, the usually gregarious and friendly Rocharek to have been quite close-

mouthed None of his friends was able to provide the names and addresses of the women be

Early Thursday morning Charlie Ro-charek arrived and went directly to the office of Captain Placek. He was a pleasant mannered man of neat appearance. His face bore the unmistakable stamp of his recent shock.

It was terrible news," he said soberly "When a policeman came to my cabin and told me about it I couldn't believe

"Who do you think killed your brother, Mr. Rocharek?" "Burglars I warned Bill he kept too ch cash around. "We have an idea that maybe a woman figured in this thing," Ptacek said slowly.
"Oh no. Bill wasn't the type to fool around much."
"He assemed to bave done pretty well for himself. At least eight women sent him

photographs inscribed with endearing phrases," the detective said.

"It doesn't mean a thing. Bill was getting married in two weeks. He was baving the house fixed over for his bride-to-be."

Captain Ptacek showed his interest. No inkling of this important piece of news had thus far been revealed. Here was a solid motive for murder; Rocharek turning his back in abrupt fashion on a hand-

excellent rosson to believe they were to be the future Mrs. Rocharek. "What about yourself? You were making arrangements to move out?"

"You didn't mind?" "You didn't mind?"
Bill and I were getting along fine, sharing the place. But he was bringing home a wife and that was the end of it. What I felt about it didn't matter.'
This you and your brother discuss the details of your leaving?"
Yes, we thin. "Indison?"

"My brother and I never had a serious quarrel." Ptacek switched the subject, "You

amoke?" he saked.
"A pipe I don't like cigarettes." The homicide captain took one from his own package. He seemed to have trouble finding matches. Rocharek produced a

"Never use matches," he said. "Here, try this." It was a minor defeat for the detective. The three split matches in the murder martment were left behind by a man who used old fashioned safety matches. That afternoon, in a conference be-tween Ptacek, Mikes and Waldvogel, it was decided that Mikes should travel to Michigan City, Ind., to question the young woman Bill Rocharek had planned to

marry. She might be able to furnish some important details. Reports were received from the police scientific laboratory. Fingerprints had been lifted from the poker, the bloodsmeared milk bottle, walls, woodwork and even the murdered man's bed, but these were so smudged that photographs made for comparison were almost useless-The post-morten findings only sub-stantiated what was already surmised. Doctor Edward S. Hatton's original opinion

that the bachelor had been dead four days when found was correct. He had been lifeless when placed in the hathtul; there was no water in his lungs. The wespons used by the killer could have been the poker and the milk bottle. They fitted the wounds perfectly.

The police got what appeared to be a break when one of the investigators found a locksmith who had made the new key found in the apartment. About a week before the murder, a man had come into the shop asking that a duplicate key be made for him in a great hurry. He in-sisted upon waiting for it. The locksmith had never seen him before or since. He could only recall that the man was about 50 years old, smooth-shaven, deeply tanned and of average height. He was positive the key bad come from his shou since it bore his symbol on the shaft Somehow the killer obtained Rocharek's own key and had a duplicate made. He had been able to slip out of the spartment

with the key and return with it in ten or 15 minutes without arousing Rocharek's

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"Baldy" Jackson could have contrived it. While the intensified hunt for the odd-johs man was pushed forward, Ed Rocharak arrived in Chicago. He was a sturdy man deeply bronzed, with a thick built

The farmer exhibited much less emotion over William's death than his brother Charles had shown. "We all have to die some day." he told ntain Ptacels

Pressed for information that might shed some light on the murder, Ed Rocharck shook his head. Tin too busy trying to make a living on my farm to keep in close touch with my brothers," he explained. "I know very

brothers," he explained. "I know very little about Bill's personal life. He didn't strike me as being much of a lades' man.

A robber must have killed him."

The last time he had seen his brother

was several months ago, he told Ptacek.

He returned to Bloomingdale, Mich. that night. that night.

Sergeant Mikes came back from Michigan City with highly interesting news.

From the victim's intended bride he

From the victim's intended bride he learned that Ed Rocharek had come to learned that Ed Rocharek Ead come to Chicago to see his brother about a week before the killing. The husky farmer had told police he had not seen William for several months

Was it mere coincidence that a deeply tanged stranger was having a duplicate key fitted for the Homan Avenue apartment at that very time Sergeant Mikes was sent to Bloomingdale to check into the brother's affairs. He discovered that Ed Rocharek was held over heels in debt. His bank had sent him a letter on April 15 urging that he pay an overdue mortrage installment on his

Rocharek had confessed that he was flat broke and mable to meet his obligations Yet on Saturday, the morning after brother's brutal murder, Ed Rocharek had walked into the bank and paid \$400 cash! The web of coincidence was tightening ground the stocky dairyman. He had fied about seeing his brother. He had in his possession, a few hours after the murder. almost the exact amount missing from the wictin's estimated amount of cash.

But there were a few details that the cautious Captain Ptacek and Sergeant

Mikes had to admit did not make sense. The duplicate key puzzled the detectives The suspect could have rained admittance to his brother's apartment any time day or night. He did not have to hide under his victim's bed. Ed Rocharek could have ant in a chair and waited. Also, Bill Ro-charels would undoubtedly have loaned his They decided to bring Ed Rocharck back to Chicago. At 11 o'clock Friday back to Chirago. At II o'clock Friday night, May 15, he and Sergeant Harry Waldvogel stepped from the train and took a taxi to Captain Placek office. Completely rediscusted, the bull-necked farmer greeted Placek, Mikes and the other detectives.

"Glad to get another free trip to the by," he said, smiling. city," he said, amiling.

The questioning began. It was brist straight to the point, expert. Rocharek ad-mitted he had lied about when he had last seen his brother

"It was a white lie and I figured it might save me a lot of trouble," he de-"Where did you get the money to pay off your mortgage?" Placek demanded. "I borrowed it from a friend."

"Any objection to giving us his name?" "Plenty. It's a woman, My wife wouldn't from your brother, Bill?" Placek asked. He said he was getting married and needed "You argued with him?"

Rocharek shrugged. "It was no use. Bill was a stubborn man. I knew I couldn't get it." H II." Ptanek reached into his desk drawer

and took out a package of cigarettes and a sox or savety matches. He set the matches on the corner of his desk, within

The questioning continued. It Insted several hours. At 2 a.M., the suspect began to show signs of wilting. He slouched in his chair and began to fidnet and stars round the room. His eyes lit on the box of matches. His fineers moved toward it alowly. He picked up the box, extracted a match and held it idly in his fingers Ptacek paid no attention. His entire Praces paid no attention. His entire after question at the squirming farmer. Rocharek parried, dodged, countered. Not a single damaging afmission could be wrested from his line.

Meanwhile his restless fingers tortured the tiny stick of wood, prying it apart, bringing it closer to his mouth. He in-serted the match between his teeth and began to chew. In a few minutes he relin quished it and tossed the match on the and put it through the same process. Shon the floor was littered with the broken matches. Still Ptaceic appeared not to notice them as be continued to oniz the

stubborn suspe Then he said quietly, "Rocharek, you killed your brother. You've given us all the proof we need, right here. Carefully he picked up the telltale sticks "We found three matches chewed like

these under your brother's bed. The killer left them there Instead of denial, the farmer grinned appreciatively.
"Say, that's pretty dick," he said calmly.
An expression of fatalistic acceptance rest-

ed on his face. He shrucked his broad "I killed Bill. Now you kill me. Everybody has to die." In a quiet voice the sisver related how

he had planted himself in his brother's accurrment with a key he had made up a week before. week before.

"I knew when Bill refused to give me
the money that I would have to come back
and rob him. I had the key ready and let
myself into his place. I waited under the
bed and ate the burns and milk I brought

Bill carried the money in his pocket so I had to wait for him to fall asleep.

About michight I crawled out from under the bed. Bill was still awake. He kney the bed. But was still wanter. He knew why I was there. We started to fight. "The milk bottle was the nearest thing at hand. I broke off the top and jabbed him. We had a good fight, first one room and then another. I had to hit him with the poker, too I wasn't sure he was dead

so I put him in the bath tub and covered "Then I took the money and best it."
Edward Rocharek was tried on July 12,
1922. He was sentenced to 40 years on his plea of guilty.

Exactly 18 months later, he died in the Joliet penitentiary. Ten tons of sandatone buried him while he was working in the prison quarry. Escron's Noza: The name of "Baldy"

Jackson, as used in this nervative, is fic-"Why didn't you try to get the money

The Dead Don't Walk (Continued from page 35)

pleasant feeling: for all I knew I'd heen the last person to see him alive. Except for the killer, of course. So I decided my best bet was to sit tight and wait for something to happen."

Hoffman drummed restless fingers on the desk top, trying to decide if this man was telling the truth or a rack of lies. Martin appeared sincere and in any event it was highly unlikely he would be driv-ing White's car around if he were guilty of murder.

"Who is Louise?" the chief saked abruptly. "Louise Nelson. Ted's girl friend." "Where does she live?"

"Middleport, down in Meigs County, near the West Virginia line." Hoffman made his decision quickly. going to let you go for the time being," he said. "But if you make any effort to leave town I'll have you picked up so fast your The youth's companion was also re-leased when it was learned that she was only a casual acquaintance whom Martin

had dated for the evening. Detectives quickly checked the man's story. They questioned Jackson Street residents and found a witness who recalled seeing White's green Dodge arrive at the Martin home. Still another saw two men get in the car at 9:30 P.M. and drive "So far the kid's telling the truth." Hoffman sald. "Now let's see what White's girl friend has to say.

"He Was My Friend"

Miss Nelson, blonde and frightened, was located without difficulty and hrought to Columbus for questioning. The young woman tearfully admitted to her friendship with a married man but vehemently denied any knowledge as to how or why

he had been slain.
"When Ted didn't keep our date, I thought be couldn't get away," she solbed.
"But he didn't call and didn't call—then I read about his hody being found. I negriv went craxy."

Chief Hoffman, Serveent Lientmant Lester Bauman talked with her

for nearly two hours. They learned Louise Nelson was an orphan, with no jealous husband or relatives.
"How about boy friends?" Lieutenant
Bauman asked hopefully. "Was there anyone who objected to your going out with a married man?" Louise smiled faintly and shook ber head. "I am my own boss," she said. "Ted was my friend. The heat friend I ever had."

Hoffman was fast hecomir every promising lead had taken him up hlind alleys. He squinted thoughtfully at a ring of cigar smoke and asked "What do you know about Cecil Martin?" "Only that he was Ted's friend," the oung woman replied. "It's possible that

Ted would leave his car with him-if that's what you mean."
"That's what I mean. I also mean Theo dore White had an enemy—a deadly enemy. I can't believe he didn't know

"He never said anything to me, Nelson replied. "I do know Ted was try-ing to avoid a Barney Conrad because he owed him some money and couldn't pay it back right away. But they weren't enemies." Hoffman sat bolt upright. "That shy-ster!" he exclaimed. "That shark! Why, he'd murder a man for 50 conts."

"And come up with a million-dollar alihi," Bauman agreed. Barney Conrad was well known as usurious money lender, a fence for stolen stoods and a one-time third. He had spent more time in court than out, but not one

conviction marred his record. You name the night," he said blandly when Hoffman had him hrought in. give you an alibi-with witnesses.

"Saturday night, June 4."
"Night-clubbing with three friends. can name at least 20 persons who saw us." Sunday night.

"A little poker game," Conrad grinned. "A rittle poker game," Conrad grunnen.
"From early evening until dawn."
Hoffmen slapped his desk top in exasperation. "Tim going to jail you," he said peration. "I'm going to jail you," he said coldly. "I'm soing to crack those slihis and prove your witnesses lied! White owed you money and your methods of collection are well known." He leaned forward intently. "This is murder, Con-And I'm going to stick to you like a

T think you mean that," Conrad said soberly. "But I want you off my neck The suspect was silent a moment as though weighing the advisability of his next state-ment, but he finally decided in favor of it. White borrowed money from me because he wanted to make an impression on his giri. Someone was cutting in. I saw nam the Saturday he disappeared. He told me he was going to see this man and warn him to lay off. You take it from there." Hoffman shot Conrad a look of doubt. "What's the fellow's name?"

Conrad shrugged. "No idea, but it shouldn't be hard to figure out. Find out who White visited after he left here." Hoffman didn't have to find out. He already knew that White had stopped to see Cecil Martin, but Miss Nelson, reques-tioned, tearfully denied that Martin had ever made any advances. "He was Tod's friend," she insisted. "He wasn't interested

Despite the girl's denial, Chief Hoffman was far from satisfied. "Get bock to Jack-son Street," he ordered his men. "Start asking questions again. If White went to Martin for a showdown, I can't believe they parted friends. Yet we have a witness who saw them walking out of the house together. That man may have been mistaken. Talk to him again."

A Helping Hand Granting the two men had become rivals

for Miss Nelson's affections, and assuming for Ames Nesson's assections, and assumming white did stop off to serve warning on his erstwhile friend, why, then, would he permit Martin to accompany him away from the house? Maybe it was the cagey Conrad who was lying Hours later the reports came in. "Mem-rice have been refreshed," Senstant ories have been refreshed," Ser. Sheets said. "We found two people

Sheets said. "We found two people who swear they heard screams coming from Martin's home on the night of the murder." "That does it." Hoffman said. "Bring Martin in." "Not so fast, chief," the sergeant inter-spited. "These folks heard screams all right, but the witness who saw Martin and hite come out of the house together still sticks to his story. He says he knows both

of the men and there could be no mistake."
"We'll super to that?" Hoffman asked "Absolutely. He said he saw the men







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walk out together. Martin helped White into the car, then got behind the wheel and drove off."

Informan beard this statement with a blook of sheep inhibition. "Bring Martin in," he said. "I'm swearing out a warrant There's only one round," he explained to the startled seppeant, "shy Martin would be the startled seppeant, "shy Martin would will be a supplement of the start of the star

"Theedore White was killed in your house," Hoffman said, ignoring the suspect's atout demials. "You know the cause of the argument as well as I. You're young and attong. White was helplest. You heat haim, then stuffed paper down his threat to him, then stuffed paper down his threat to "I didn't! I didn't! We drove off together—there were people who saw us?" You waited until dark," Hoffman continued inexorably. "Then you and your

"You waited until dark," Haffman continued inxormbly. "Then you and your friend—your victim, rathes—came out of the house. You belped him into his car. Helped him, Martim. That's what the witness said. You had to help him because Theodore White couldn't help himself— For 3h hours Cocil Martin denied his guilt. Then finally, in response to a plea from his mother, he confessor.

"I dish't mean to kill kim," he half subbed. "But Free came to the house and started to read me off. I told him. I wouldn't take that sort of talk from any-work that the substantial to the substantial to

white waiting for his panie to subside, the youth hit upon a plan. The youth hit upon a plan. The youth his upon a plan. The young the lawer, "Martin said despondently, "So I waited until it was nearly dark. Then when I saw a man walking on the other side of the street, I propped Ted's arm over my shoulder and sort of held him against me. "I walked him right out of the house "I walked him right out of the house."

and down to the car. For a minute I was a few more than the control of the contro

Earrow's Nort: To spare possible embarreassment to innocent persons, the names, Barney Connad and Louise Nelson, used in this story, are feetitious.

The D. A. Asks

(Continued from page 19)

Bader's havyer moved for acquisted on the recount that there was no proof that Bader ground that there was no proof that Bader and the state of the

8. Colerona, on trial for aroon, tertified that he had a good military record, but had to admit that while in the Army he was contra-matrical and punhasin for rela-sumption is to be drawn from that?

9. At Tenser's trial for larowing it was shown that when he was arrested he tried in the state of the st

answer to that?

Answers to The D. A. Asks

9, Mo. (Comr. w. Wyoda, 44 Penna. Superfor Court, 522)
10, A child ladder seven pears is conmitting a critice and early for the control of compensation of the conpensation of the conpensation of the conpensation of the conpensation of the control of

Se shown by evictore that design in the control of the control of

demonster of the section of the sect

a. some course have ruled that there is a legal preemption in layor of the defendant's good character, (Mullen vs. 30, 30, Federal 892)

"Something Big Is Breaking"

wearing a beavy mackinaw and the right sleeve was stained with a brownish aubstance resembling blood.

"I think we'd better hold these two," the chief suggested. "They'e Grade-A suspects in my book."

At the jail, O'Lee stripped Melton of his

stained jacket and ordered it sent to the state police laboratories in Nashville for examination.

When continued questioning of the pair falled to skake their story, Thomas' home was searched but no trace of the dead non-minimum waveners was found. Nas

main missing weapon was found. Not could make the deal mains missing weapon was found. Not could fire the could

And while the investigators avaited devolugements, Gallin received a telephoneversion of the second of the second and all their previous theories sky high.

The call come from an olderly woman the second of the second of the second Reed's district. She told the sheriff that the had just read of the algoing in hard the had just read of the algoing in high the second of the second of the second being possession of important information. Calling and Ottoe convent the the miles of the second of the se

after moca, size discovered that her home had been buylgarized. Several items of an area of a control of the co

sround here recently.

Gathin interrupted. What's all this got around here recently.

Gathin interrupted. What's all this got and the sound of the same that the same that

After I read about bow he was killed I inked the two up and I brught I'd better all you."
"You did exactly right," Gallin informed the woman. "This throws an entirely different light on the case. Do you happen to know which of your neighbors saw the truck?"

She did, and minutes later the detectives were questioning the man.
"I not only saw the truck," this witness said. "I also took down the license number. I gave it to Reed."

ber. I gave it to Reed."
"Do you have a copy of it?" Gatlin asked,
making no effort to keep the excitement
out of his voice.
The farmer took a folded piece of paper
from his overall pocket and read the

"Was a Davidson County tag"
The side licease beroau reported that
the plate had been issued to a two-ton
truck belonging to a South Nathville resident.
"This bay to be it," Gatlin declared.
"Reed was investigating the burglasty; he
spotted the truck and the first thing he did

was to look in the back to see if the stolen goods were there?"
"Must have found soms, too," O'Lee added. "Why she would the driver have dragged him down sed plot him?" it was provided to the case by their Pattolians E. T. Breery and Rig Hoyd who had been assigned to the case by their citief, Loo Lanarini, of the Belle Meade police, Gatin and O'Lee headed for the Sure, the may said, he owned the truck.

Sure, the man said, he owned the truck. It was in his garage right now. But he knew solthing about the murder. He had never been to Franklin in his life and, furthermore, the truck had been rented out the previous day.

"To whon?" Gallin demanded, eagerly, "To whon?"

"To whom?" Gatlin demanded, eagerly.
Without hesitation, the witness named
two brothers, Paul and Wille York, and
furnished an address in the 60% or Fifth
Avenus, South.
The brothers, both coal dealers, were in

The brothers, both coal dealers, were in custody fifteen minutes later. Lously proclaiming their innocence, they said they had driven to Linton, Teem, to purchase a horse for use in their business. After completing the deal they had returned the truck to Nsahville. That was all there was to it, they concluded.

The Linton horse trader had a different story to tell, however.

The irrothers had called him by long distance, he told Gettlin, but they were unable to ray the price be was saking for the property of the pr

ded his agreement.
When a search of their home unearthed several items reported stolen from the diderly woman's home early on the day of the slaying, both lapsed into alleane.
They began to show the first signs of hervourness when identification experts announced test the tire print on the shoulder of the road had been left there by the right rear wheel of the trutk the avoid the should be the stolen than the same of the road had been left there by the right rear wheel of the trutk the brothers.

admittedly had been driving. Paul York, these officers recorted, wore a size eight shee; his older brother wore a size in and coe-half.

"We want a favyer," Willie said in a busky voice.

But when Mrs. Ozborne viewed the suspects in a line-up with six other prisoners and positively identified them as the men site saw attack and kill Constable Reed,

Paul York threw up both hands in resignation.
"I guess there's no use denying it any longer," he said. "I killed him."
His brother came to his defense immediately. "But it was self-defense," he exceused. "That officer trised to take our

In twin statements, the brothers accused Reed of taking three Sc hills from the younger man and refusing to return them. The sheriff discounted this unsupported story in its entirety. When slain, Reed had in his possession two Si0 bills, a aliver dollar end a small amount of change. Not a single SS bill was found.

After the murder, Paul York fied blindly through the Feld, discarding the jacket by which he fraced be might laker he idensite the best was a second of the partial ing to the back roads, had chanced upon his brother a short time later. Together they had managed to alip paut the police blockade and return the truck to its owner.



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ON SALE EVERYWHERE Neither Paul's jacket nor Reed's revolver, which the suspect said he threw into a creek, were located by subsequent combiner months.

searching parties. The property of the propert

These findings were upheld on Jamiary 1, 1843, by the state supreme court and the brothers were committed to prison. Instead of the convicted slayers were never the finding that the state of because the finding the state of the property o

Earnon's Norm: To spere possible emberrassement to innocent persons, the names Charlie Scott, Carl Moore, Joe Martin, Jeff Thomas and Bob Melton, used in this story,

Answers to Headquarters Quiz

(Questions on page 27)

Louis The budger gapes detay back, to be the second of the

pury accessors managers the Seministration of justice. They point out that a pair of studeom jurous who hold out indefinitely of the wind property of the control of the wind of the wind

been recognized as valid and admissible in every court of law.

8. (b) Receivers of stoken goods, directly responsible for promoting and instigating so many burginries, prove slippory as cels. Claiming they didn't know the goods were stoken, fences more often than not slip through the hands of the

 (a) Reporter Burke of the Sun is correct. Citizens are legally bound to assist an officer in making an arrest.
 10. Warren Lincoln.

"I'll Hang for This!"

(Continued from more 31)

swarming all over that area, picking blackberries. This is the height of the season. Spread the word among them to keep an eye out for any places that might be graves."

graves."
Captain Kendersi jumped to his feet.
"We'll alert the pickers to watch the
woods," he said enthusisatically. "Our
men and the rangers can soout the places
they wouldn't go.
Captain Kendersi left to direct this vital

voix. Sheriff Croft had a different task was was work. Sheriff Croft had a different task was seen as the second of the same of the heart of the sheriff of

on vacation, their dwellings cooks.

Sheriff Croft refused to be discouraged.

"Go back," he insisted. "He's bound to be somebody who lived nearby."

"Why are you sure of that?" Otto asked.

"For several reasons. In the first place,

be term will about the house, even, the studied valve under the store. He know that a bound of the store he had been the rabbits were there, and should be feed. "But why did he go through that impresention." He develope should. If he is the car trunk and take off?" "That's further proof that he know "That's further proof that he can be car trunk and take off?" "In the store of the store of the time, for his getawny. If the house was closed, it would attract atterition, with,

time for his petaway. If the house was closed, it would attract attention. With-out any masks and the state of the state o

The Bodies Found

Captain Keedersi evecquitally directed the hunt for the missing Esteya. It was a far more difficult task than finding the proverbial needle in the haystack, but the experiment of the season of the control of the control of the control of the Department of the control of the control of the control of the control of the highway, the officers stopped and asside the berry protects to watch for the Essely bedies or a grave.

Doguities searched at the foot of eliffs far from the highway, on the possibility that the killer had tossed the bodies over. Volunteers were let down by ropes to inspect ledges where the corpees might have lodged. Radios and Pasific Northwest newspapers slarted all parsons on business or pleasure in the Mr. Rainiur area to watch for the cur or suspicious activities.

ness or pleasure in the Mt. Rauner area to watch for the ear or suspicious activities. "Good work," Croft complimented Kenderal and his men. "Your boys or the berry pickers will find them."
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gill, a young couple from Rhumolaw, a nearly mountained to the complex of the couple of the couple

couple from Enumciaw, a nearby mountain town, were among the berry pickers one late afternoon. It was two days after the discovery that the Easleys were missing. The Gills were working their way along a truti in the wilderness north of Mt. Ramier, when they noticed that logs had been recently pulled across it, blocking their way. On one of the logs a "No Trees

their way. Un one of the logs a led free-passing" sign had been set.
"That's strange," Gill remarked to his wife. "This isn' the edge of anyone's wife. "This isn't the edge of anyone's property. Why should a no trespassing sign be put out here in the middle of a trail? Let's find out." They pushed on a few feet. Around a

curve, they came on a mound of brush. Under it they could see a square of canunner is they could see a square of can-yas. They looked at each other a moment then Gill kicked the brush aside and lifted the covering

There, loosely wrapped in blankets and theets and wearing the clothes in which they had died, lay the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Engley. Dried blood stained the wrinkled sarments and the impromptu shroude. The mun's mouth was a mass of

The horrified berry pickers ran back through the woods to their car. They stopped the first patrolman they saw on the mountain highway. Without pausing to investigate, he notified Sheriff Croft who sped to the scene. Lifting the cover-ing, he peered underneath. "It's the Ess-

ing, he peered undermeath. "It's the Essieys," he announced grimly. The bodies were returned to Tacoma for autopay. It was directed by Pierce County autopay. It was directed by Pierce County Larson, the pathologist. They discovered that two gurs had been used. Mrx. Essie that two gurs had been used. Mrx. Essie by a 32-caliber rifle. Her husband by a 32-caliber rifle. Her husband her had been the second to the second to

by s. 32-caliber rife. Her husband had been shot in the chest and mouth; the bullets were of 22 and 32-caliber. It was suggested that two killers were involved, but Croft rejected this theory, "The pattern of the crime points to one man," he insisted. "It was the fellow who imperconated Engley." impersonated Rasley. The name was immediately released to

the papers and a shocked Pacific North-west read of the brutal murders. That same day Detective Otto returned the courthouse in triumph. to the courthouse an armanan.
"I think we've got it," he announced to
Croft. "A young fellow has been staying
with a neighbor of the Easleys the last
two months. His name is John Summers

and he's an ex-convict on purole."

The two officers searched the criminal files. They found the name and photograph of a Join Edward Summers, 32, released May 16 after serving 18 months on a 20-year term for forgery. He also had a previous record for minor offenses. He originally was from Kirksville, Mo. He was five feet eight inches tall, weighed 160 pounds and had blank heir and based

"Let's spring this on Love," said the heriff. "Line up a dozen pictures." A group of police photos of young men A group of police prome or young any was spread on the sheriff's desk, and Love was brought into the room. The man from Okishoms studied them a moment then pointed with a trembling finger.
"That's Easley—or the man who said he
was Easley," he said hearsely.
It was the picture of Summers.
Sheriff Croft beamed in satisfaction.

"You've done us a great service, Mr.
Love," he said "Pierce County is grateful
to you." He turned to Otto. "Release you." He turned to Otto. "Release ummers' name and picture and put out a general pickup order for him. Include a description of the our too. He may be hightailing it east."

A justice court warrant was issued. charging the young Missourian with first-degree murder. His picture was printed in all major West Coast newspapers and posted on bulletin boards in police head-quarters and sheriffs' offices. "It's only a matter of time." Sheriff

Croft told his men. "If he'll just keep that stolen car." Rut where was Summers? Nearly a

week had passed since the murder. His impersonation of Easley had given him amnie time for a getaway Shoulff Cooft apparented that he ha-Sheriff Croft announced that he bekillings; the Easleyz had recently sold a piece of property and were believed to have had the cash for it in their home. The money was not located there. in any bank.

or in any benk.

In Olympia, Dr. Henry H. Ness, chairman of the Washington state board of prison terms and paroles, called a special board meeting which soleranly revoked the parole of the wanted man. The board issued a statement in justification of action in paroling Summers after he had served only 18 months of a 20-year sen-

In its statement, the parole board said, in part. lease after an 18-month sentence was due to the board's belief that the rehabilitation prospects of this young man appeared good. His FBI report showed no robberies crimes of violence involved in his pro-

vious offenses. . . Gun Found

Release of Summers' name as the murder Receive of Summers name as the murker suspect brought in a new witness. In Puyallup, Wash, ten miles from Tacoma, Undersheriff Luther Wright recovered the 22-caliber rifle taken from the Easley home and used in the shooting.

It had been sold by Summers in a Puvallup tavern on Saturday night, a few hours after officers believed the crime was committed. The purchaser declared Sumreadily identified Summers from a photo.

The day after Summers was named as the murderer. Sheriff Croft received teletype message from Portland, Ore., nearly 200 miles south of Tacoma, stating that a young man had been picked up

for questioning "Now we've got him!" the sheriff said exultantly. In Portland, keen-eyed Traffic Police-man Leroy C. Calhoun bad spotted the Easley Chevrolet in Portland's West Hill

district. He pursued the car, stopped it, and took the driver to Portland police headquarters This looked like the end of the trailuntil reports of the questioning came

my name is Richard Aust, Jr., of 3613 North Kirby Avenue," the Portland youth revealed, and offered positive identifica-tion of that fact. "Why are you driving the Easley car?"

"I bought it from Mr. Easley," the youth explained.
"From Esaley!" exploded the Portland desk sergeant. "Essley and his wife have been murdered up in Tacoma. Let's hear

your story—quick."
"I went to a used-car lot last Thursday. "I went to a used-car lot last Thursday, operated by a relative of mine," Aust ex-plained. "While I was there, a young man drove up and wanted to sell this car. He introduced himself as Howard Estley, of Tacoma. He offered to sell the car for \$130 and it looked like a dandy buy. I snapped it up on the spot. Then, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I took Euley to the Trailways bus depot on Salmon Street. From what he said, I got the impression he was heading for San Francisco. Young Aust quickly identified Summers oto as that of the spurious Basley, and was immediately released without



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charge. The stolen automobile was re-turned to Tacoma. "What an actor that Summers is," mut-tered Sheriff Croft, when the disappointtered Sheriff Croft, when the disappoint-ing news reached Tacoma. "It took a lot of skill to get Love into the Easley house, to sell that rifle and to peddle the stolen car to a stranger so fast." car to a stranger so fast."
"Now he can be any place in the West,"

added Detective Otto. The sheriff brightened. "That's true, but we've gained an important point. The murders were strictly our own baby—in our own county-but now that he's taken the stolen car across the state line into Oregon, violating the Federal Dyer Act, we can call in the FBI. We've pinned the murder on him, he's a hunted man, and

the Feds will pick him up."

The search continued quietly, day by day. Weeks passed. Various leads were owed without success.

Sheriff Croft was not perturbed. knows the law is on his tail; he knows he has to hide out," he told his men. "After the sale of the gun and the car, I'm satis-fied now he didn't find the Easleys' hidden cache-if they had one. So he must be out of money. He'll either come out shooting and be involved in some other crime, or appeal to friends for money."

Sheriff Croft's staff and the FBI agents kept busy. They obtained the names of friends in the central part of Alaska, and

from these secured the names of others in San Francisco On the night of August 8, 1949, more than three weeks after the murders of the Rosleys, FBI agents received a tip that a young man resembling Summers had a room in a residential section of San Francisco. First surrounding the house, they checked with the owner and several of them tiptoed down the hall to his room.

They created in.
"Summers?" the leader said. The surprised tenant had been preparing for bed

"Jon Skinners," he gaid quietly. Officers noted the similarity to the name of the slain couple's son and stepson. A detective took his trousers from the chair and went through the pockets. In one was a copy of the FBI bulletin bearing his true name. No more questioning was

required.
"I'm Summera," the man admitted. He seemed grateful that the chare was over.

Taken to local beadquarters, he made a detailed confession, in the presence of newsmen, to Harry M. Kimball, special agent in charge of the Son Francisco office

of the FBL "Easley had a suit at the cleaners I was supposed to return," he told the agent. "We got in an argument and he ran back in the house and picked up a rifle. I fol-lowed him and grabbed it. We struggled, and the gun went off accidentally. Mrs. Easiey fell to the floor and I saw blood on

"I knew I was in for it then, and I was mad, besides. Easley quit fighting and ran to his wife and I shot him in the back. He fell down but he warn't dead "There were no more bullets in that

and got s .22 rifle.
"I went back and shot Easley right in the mouth."

Then, he went on, he loaded the bodies into the trunk of their automobile and headed east. Sheriff Croft was right; he picked the most remote direction. He stopped at the Puyallup tavern on the way and sold the gun. He continued on to the lonely spot in Naches Pass and dragged the cornses from the rear of the car. After wrapping them in sheets and blankets he covered them with an old canvas and brush. He built the blind to discourage anyone from following the abandoned trail. The "No Trespessing" sign had been picked up earlier along the route He returned to the Easley house and

straightened up a little, disposing of the bloody rags and clothing he used to mop up the floors. It was then that he struck on the unique idea of impersonating Howard Easley to secure a couple to occupy the house and avoid any mamician its desertion might cause. I flowed Ed have a lot lower time to

make a getaway," he admitted, "You got Summers then drove to Yakima, Wash to the east, then circled back southwest to Portland. There, realizing the law was hot on his truil, he sold the Easter our to Aust. With the money, he took a bus to edford. Ore., and from there proceeded

to San Francisco. And Francisco.

At this writing he is awaiting trial on a first-degree murder charge in Tacoma. Superior Judge Hugh J. Rosellmi has named Tacoma attorney Roswell Quitm to represent the accused stayer. In his cell, Summers is a dejected and pessimistic prisoner. When asked if he regretted what he had done, he only

shrugged.
"Sure I'm sorry," he said ruefully, "but it's too late for that." He looked out of the burred windows, a story look on his "Til heng for this!" he said.

Photo Flashes

(Continued from page 11) enough for all reproduction purposes, has

the snap of full glossy paper, and still doesn't have the curse of glossy paper collecting fingerprints, hard to spot, taking a lot of work putting it on the tins. I started out to tell you a lot about dark-rooms, but my space is almost gone, and l I do hope you will draw a straight line right down the middle of the process, buying the best of the essentials, like enthe temptation to make a raft of small

They make the darkroom work costiv. slow and unsatisfactory. They are the things that make the hobby seem expensive and not very productive of results. The most exciting of your vacation pic tures will seem a lot more impressive when done up in good enlargements. Next month, we'll talk about displaying them. But, meantime, let's just take a quick look at the picture of the morning ride in the desert, the photo accompanying this article. Nothing too exciting as a picture, pertainly. But in an 11x14, many people find a lot of pleasure in looking at it, It tells a lot about the desert, framed as it is with typical plants, showing the people in their favorite clothes, and setting off

the skyline to good advantage with a lightly filtered sky.

This picture was made with a folding camera worth about \$15. But it just doesn't look like much until you put it into the enlarger and make a good print from the nestive.

That's why I say that money dorsn't make the darkroom. It takes a good en-larger and someone who wants to make a nice print from a negative that interests him. And it doesn't take many first-class enlargements to pay for that equipment. you can't afford it, make the enlarger

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Ride to Her Doom

(Continued from page 25)

two pieces of information that made Pollede's eyen arrow suspiciously as he read through the reports the next morning. One was that Arch McAllen reportting the property of the property of the Mrx. Twitchell arrived in Beaumont. The other was that he missing woman had esten breakfast on September 28 with Juncent the previous sevaling. Otherwise there was no word. From the moment Blone Prichelle had driven away

moment Motes Twitched had arrives away from Airs. Blais doop, none of her friends had seen or heard from her. It was almost as if she and the blue sedan had such unto the earth. There was only one explanation—gentenen had maratered Rober Twitched! and vanished with her car.

Pollock resonned that it was someone she knew. He found it difficult to believe that she would have been foosish enough.

that she would have been tootset enough to give a lift to a stranger on the highway, especially late in the afternoon. Chief Pollock ordered Justin Marr picked up and brought to headquarters for questioning. Then he called for the two detectives who had worked on the case the

previous afternoon.

"Locate Mrs. Twitchell's new apartment
and see what clues you can find there,"
he told them crisply. "You might get a
lead on it from the apartment ads in the
Monday papers."

And the present have Decelver Chief. Cr. Keen of the Binson police department of the Control of the Instanty wessen's late. A section of the minsing wessen's late. A section of the Control of the Contr

"Any class at all" Pallock questioned. "In a way," the Houston Giber replied. "In the first place, it's possible that one of those fellows and risereds or relatives not other thing, all fingerprints had been wiped off the car, which indicates at least one man has a criminal record. Last's more than in case they were stopped on the road." them in case they were stopped on the road. "Which is the contract of the contract of the road." The contract of the contract court is the road of the contract court is the contract of the contract court is the road of the contract court is the road of the contract court is the contract court is the contract court in the contract court is the contract court in the contract court in the contract court is the contract court in the contract court in the contract court is the contract court in the contract court i

suggested.

"No," Kern demurred. "I'm convinced that Mrs. Twitchell was murdered somewhere north of Kountee. A coal register where north of Kountee. A coal register couldn't read the name-dated September 28, was somen for items from her pursas. Besides, there's East Texas red mid on the tires and a lot of scratches on the car, have a bunch that her body's somewhere up in the Big Thickel. There are three or loar roads that cut off the highway into the wilderness.

had been murdered in the tangled miles of the Big Thicket, her body might never



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be found. Kern's appoundement that he had already passed his report to district ranger headquarters in Houston was assurance, though, that a hunt for her was already under way.

Chief Pollock sat for a moment, his mind racing. Mrs. Twitchell had gotten as far on her way home as Kountze, Arch McAllen's home town. McAllen supposedly had left for Houston on Monday, bu there was nothing to indicate that he had not met Eloise Twitchell shortly after her arrival in Beaumont and changed his plans. Might McAllen have been far more serious in his attentions to the pretty young ma-tron than anybody realized? Finding that he planned a reunion with her husband, had be asked to ride back north with her, ostensibly to visit relatives but with the real intention of forcing a showdown? Pollock's experience as an officer told him that this line of reasoning was far less fantastic than it appeared on the surface.

It could explain Mrs. Twitchell's promise to pick up someone and the abandonment of her car by a frightened or remorseful killer. It left only two questions unanswered. Who was the second man? Where did he fit into the picture?

If McAllen had done away with Eloise Twitchell, those answers could be awarded out of him once he was in custody, Pol-

lock decided grimly. Picking up the tele-phone again, he ordered the man's arrest for questioning. Then he directed a request to Sheriff Arthur L. Lindsay of Hardin County at Kountze to watch for McAllen on his home grounds The police chief now turned his attention to Justin Marr, also a logical suspect. There had been no word that Marr was still in Begument. But that point was setfied at midmorning when two officers brought in the sharp-featured, red-haired man. Shock and bewilderment were writ-

I hadn't even heard of Eloise Twitchell's disappearance until the officers came for me," he announced in a troubled voice. "If there's any way I can help...."

"Maybe you can." Pollock studied Marr as he spoke and decided that the man was either a good actor or utterly sincere. "We found her car and have reason to believe

she was murd "Murdered!" Marr gasped, dropping into a chair. "But who on earth. . . voice broke.

"We've several ideas," Pollock replied "Do you know Arch McAllen?" He waited for Marr's cautious nod. "Mrs. Twitchell went out with him a few times, didn't

she?" Marr unddenly went en guard. "That weeden't be any of my business," be reweeden't be any of my business," be re"I was thinking it might be the ever"I was thinking it might be the ever"I was thinking it might be the offervay around," Pollock cut in. "You and
Mrr. Twitchall had dinaver together Monday night and breakfast the next morning.
What langueed in between?" Marr's eyes flushed angrily. "Not a thing out of the way?" he blazed. "She left me downtown about 10 P.M. and gold she'd take a taxi to her apartment. My landlady will tell you that I slept in my own room that night. Our meeting the next morning was entirely accidental, and I haven't seen Floise smee." What was more, the young man cited witnesses who would swear that he had not been out of the city. Marr didn't know the address of the missing woman's apartment, but one of the detectives assigned to the hunt telephoned just before noon to report that he and his partner had found the piace. Mrs. Twitchell had left a hag of clothing there

and a few small items.

"Any class?" Pollock questioned.
"Exough to indicate that McAllen had all the moves figured to cover his tracks

the detective replied.

Among Mrs. Twitchell's effects, he continued, was a card with four telephone timed, was a card with four telephone numbers acrawled across the back. They were of female friends, but one of the women had given the investigators the number for McAllen's rooming house.

"And here's the payeff" the officer snapped. The story we've had says Mc-Allen let for Houston on Monday. But the guy who answered the phone at the boarding house swore that McAllen was around there on Tuesday morning until around there on a reguly moting uses noon. My guess is that he walked over five or six blocks to the highway and hung around until Mrs. Twitchell drove past and picked him up that evening." If that was the case, somebody should have seen the couple, Pollock reasoned. He issued an appeal through the newspapers and over the radio for any witnesses to come forward

Two Tottooed Men

The appeal brought swift results. Early that afternoon a young couple from Port Arthur, Tex., came to headquarters to report that they had seen a woman in a blue sedan stop at the outskirts of the formants placed the time at about 5:30 on

From their description, the woman had to be Bloise Twitchell. Both men, the couple said, had been dressed in khaki couple said, had been dressed in khald work clothers and appeared to be in their 20s. One had been light-complexioned, the other dark, and both bore tattons on their foresums. The description of the dark-complexioned man hallied roughly with that of Arch McAllen. But would he have taken another man along? Pol-lock began to wonder if he had been on the wrong track entirely.

At Kountze, Sheriff Lindsay, Deputy W. W. Whitaker and Ranger Dick Hollday W. Whitsker and Ranger Dick Holinday succeeded in tracing the faintly-inked cash, register slip. The manager of the store recalled that a woman neswering to Mrs. Twitchell's description had come in just before closing time and bought some bol by pins. But a search for anyone else wi had seen her proved as fruitless as that of the hundred officers and volunteers who hunted for her body along the roads and through the almost impenetrable brush of he back country.

The description of the missing woman's two companions provided the investigators with a new angle. On a hunch, the three officers began a round of taverns in and the proprietor recognized the trio's description. He said they had been in his establishment about sundown on Tuesday and remained there for nearly half hour. He had recognized neither of Asking the officers to wait, he hurried

to the back room and returned with a niece of single-strand insulated wire about two feet long. Bare, twisted wire showed at one end. "Maybe you can make something of that," the tavern man said. 'One of those fellows ditched it in the booth just before

they left."

The fragment, apparently part of a radie ground wire, meant nothing so far as the officers could see. What counted was the fact that the two men with Eloise Twitchell had been seen and could be Descriptions of the pair were broadcast by shortwave radio, teletype and circular

every police headquarters and sheriff's office in Texas and Louisiana as the man-hunt went into high gear. In Houston, Detective Chief Kern spread the dragnet throughout the underworld. A watch pet over every outgoing vessel in the Texas ports of Houston, Galveston, Beaumont, Orange and Port Arthur, Yet, although a dozen men were picked up and held on suspicion, no trace of the fugitives was

The search for Eloise Twitchell's body was equally fruitless. By the afternoon of October 4, Sheriff Lindsay and the other officers were beginning to wonder if the missing woman might not be alive and in hiding. Then, at midafternoon, three youths, who had been bunting for stray cattle, burst out of the brush eight miles west of Kountze into a country road, their

eyes wide with hornor. Officers, quickly summoned, followed the boys along an old logging trail a good 200 open spot lay the corpse of Eloise Twitchell, almost unrecognizable from the ravages of heat and suimals. But the clothing on the body and a brightly-flowered scarf fluttering from a nearby bush left no doubt

of the dead woman's identity Examination showed that the left side of her skull had been crushed by a heavy blow and that she had been shot twice through the body. The killers had been careful to leave no clue behind. Officers searched every square foot of the clear-ing, but they found nothing except tire tracks in a half-dried mud puddle where the blue sedan had been driven into the the bittle sedan had been driven into the jungle and backed out again. Investigation and questioning of the few families who lived along the little-traveled road produced no leads.

Two days after Mrs. Twitebell's funeral. Arch McAllen returned to Beaumont and walked into the arms of alert police ofwalked in our arms or aser passes or facers. Hurried to headquarters and questioned, he admitted his friendship with the murdered woman, but denied that he had even seen her on her visit to

Instead of going to Houston, he told of-ficers, he had gone on to Corpus Christi, and produced a bus ticket stub to prove it. What was more, he gave the names of two persons who could swear to his arrival there abortly after daylight on September 29, within an hour of the time when Mrs. Twitchell's car was abandoned by

slavers in Houston McAllen's story carried the ring of truth but the officers were taking no chances They held him in jail until the Kountze

tavern operator could be brought to Beaumont and view him. The tavern keeper was positive. "I never saw this man before in my life," he declared, "He certainly isn't one of the fellows who came in with Mrs.

In the months that followed McAllen's Star state's unsolved mysteries. Sheriff Lindsay and his deputies worked tirelessive on the case. Not a week passed but that the Rangers did not run down at least one lead. Sheriffs all over the Southwest cuestioned every suspicious person picked up. Several were taken to Austin or Houston for lie detector tests, but hy 1949 the case was where it had been on the day Mo-

Allen was released. At Houston, Detective Chief Kern took office as sheriff of Harris County, still with the unsolved mystery on the books. Weeks before he had discarded jesiousy or ro-mance as a motive in Bloise Twitchell's murder. What was more, he doubted that

she had met her slayers by prearrangemysterious telephone promise to pick up somebody and the time she had given the men a lift on the highway. That call had een to somebody else.

The wire which one of the slavers had discarded in the Kountre tavern suggested to Kern that the men had wanted a car and had been prepared to steal one by bridging around the ignition switch. But Mrs. Twitchell had saved them the trouble. She had been rush enquen to rick up the two strange hitchhikers for company, thinking that one would protect her the other. But to them, murder had been simpler than plain theft. They had discarded the wire and murdered ber for her

Memory Provides Clue

Since they had not tried to dispose of the seden. Kern succeed that the men had wanted it for some other criminal job. A bank robbery, perhaps?
The new sheriff's mind went back to 1939 when as a detective, he helped solve a bank rubbery at the twin villages of Hull and Daisetts. The two towns is on the route which Mrs. Twitchell's killers had undoubtedly taken back to Houston. A man named Red Goleman had committed that robbery and he had relatives and friends all through the back country west

Red Goleman, Kern remembered, had been shot to death while registing arrest, less than three miles down the road from where Mrs. Twitchell had been murdered. Goleman, who had been sentenced to prison, later in 1940, for armed robbery. Kern wondered if Darius Goleman had been released. Checking, he learned that Goleman had been granted a conditional pardon six months before Mrs. Twitchell's murder and was then living at Hempstead. Tex. What was more, he frequently came to Houston to visit a sister who, investi gation showed, lived only a few blocks from where Mrs. Twitcheil's car had been

abandoned. Suddenly everything began to mesh. In at least one of the fugitives, the authorties were hunting a man with a criminal record, a man who was a potential killer He would be well acquainted with the obscure roads of the Big Thicket and has respectable Houston connections who could furnish a hideout. Darius Goleman so-

swered every specification.

Excitedly, Kern called Rangers Holliday and Klevenhagen and Ranger Captain "I'd stake my reputation that you're right and that Goleman is one of the murderers!" Purvis exclaimed. "But he's

muroerest: "even excessions to import the for a while to get more evidence and see if we can get a line on the other man."

That was Kern's idea, too. Early in April, 1949, the sheriff telephoned a friend in Hempstead and assigned him to trail the suspect. For the next two months there was little to report. Then, on June 27, the informant telephoned to report that Goleman had just returned from a trip to Beaumont and Orange and that he had visited a man known as "Fros" in the lat-

Kern recognized the monicker as a sison-type nickname. Still following his nunch, Kern took Klevenhagen and drove to Hempstead the next morning. The two officers picked up Goleman on main street and questioned him about

"Frog's" identity.
"He's a guy I knew in prison," Gole-



Deformed Back "Almost halpless from a weak may an elderly woman, "year as gave support which beingth ab-stant relief and I have occupie gained use of my look."

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man starled. "His name is Alex Lovenace. But leave me alone, will you? You ain't got anything on nee?"
"Then you don't need to worry," Kern said casually. "We're just going for a ride to look at some pictures."

than clearly. We fire play going the a contraction of the support, the two officers sped 50 miles north to the Texas of the contraction of the contraction of the had no record, on suppose summed Lovennace, but Golerson fissilly identified the summer of the contraction of the contraction of the the record absword, had served since your the record absword, had served since your the record absword, had served since you with the record absword, had served since you with which Economics is lected, buying been released in September 61946. On the face of the record, he was a perfect partiesr in

crime for Darius Goleman.

Back in Kountte, Kern and Klevenhagen lodged Goleman in the Hardian County jull for questioning. Then, picking up Renger Holliday, they raced for Orange and arrested Alex Levinesa as be returned to the home of a relative that night.

Unlike Goleman, Leviness did not try to bluster. But his self-centrel meited as they need through the night and he learned that they were headed for Kountac. Nervously he tried to start conversation. The officers spaced him and it was more than the sex-cenviet could stand. Once inside the Harriin Country jail, Illule more than the accusation of murdering Eloise Twithchell was needed to make him talk.

"You've set the above right yours," be quasivened after test than 100 miles and 100 miles are seen as the control of the contr

As New had supported, Leviness said that New had suspected, Leviness said the As New had suspected, Leviness said the lamb trobbery. The day before the murder, he said, he and Goloman had net in Bearmont, renewed their prison friend-saip and decided to follow in Red Goloman's footsteps by robbing the Hull-Daisetta bank:

On September 28, 1948, Leviness continued, they pooled their money and bought a Spanish-make 38-caliber automatic pisted at a Beaument pawney. That afternoon they took their stand beside the highway to hitch a ride. Once in a car, they planned to obtain possession of it by any means necessary.

Stir-wise, Goleman refused to believe them until he was led into the jail office to face Leviness. Goleman's face flushed with rage as Leviness repeated his confession.

"Why you dirty, sniveling rat?" be screamed at last. "You're the one who hit

aim of the actual murder

her on the head? Following this, the two man were questioned against the officers can picking the state of th

car. Goleman beid the gum on her and she read death in his eyes as he backed away. She started running toward him. "Don't kill me!" she begged. "Please don't kill me! Remember my baby! My mother! Oh, please. . ."

son't kan her restricted my issuey any mother! Oh, Please with a form of the common of

Together, Goleman and Leviness dragged bor hody 30 fees off the logging track to a clump of bushes. Seeing that she still breathed, Goleman seised the gub by the barrel and slugged her viciously, again and again. The force of the blows breaken of the beautiful that the knot and struck her. Eloos Twitchell lay still then. The two

ment threw genes brush over her body and backed away, horrified by their own deed. But their terror unddenly gave way to panie as they realized that, although they money to tay another. Goldman dropped to have been been been a small be been and hid the butt under a rotting of the parties of the handed the parties of the where they burned their bloodstained coloding at the home of Goleman's after. Then they garred. Their next meeting bad by his Hengelsesi informer.

Comparing the two men's stories, the offseers found them practically identical and knew that, at last, they had the truth. As soon as their statements could be typed, both Darius Godenan and Alex Leviness signed them and the officials began grim preparations for quick justice. The gaspects were quickly identified as

Mrs. Twitchell's towern comparisons at Kountae. But one piece-of evidence was still needed to clinich the case in event the still needed to clinich the case in event the stone. That was the pistod which had taken Roises Twitchell's life. A party of Gotzen, beaded by Raberiff Kern and Kanolican, beaded by Raberiff Kern and Kandistance of the control of the control scene and went over the ground carefully. But weather and the passing of the months had left more breach on the scene and even Not to be defented at the last moments. Not to be defented at the last moments.

Not to be defended at the last moment, about 15 miles and 15 miles and

de case. His refusal gathed him nothing.

On July 35, 1845, the jury found Alex
Leviness guilty of murder with malice and
set his punishment at death in the electric
chair after only 33 minutes' deliberation.
At this writing Goleman was being held
writing found to the carry of the carry date.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarranement to innocent persons, the names Justin Marr and Arch McAllen, used in this story, are fictitious.

Cine of the Glove

(Continued from more 41)

Their first stop was at a gas station on the edge of the little town, and while the attendant filled the tank, the officers asked

"Bill Pelly?" the attendant repeated. He stopped polishing the windshield and stuck his head through the window. "Sure. He was in a taxi that stopped here late Sunday night for gasoline. Headed west, toward Tulsa."

He had not noticed the name of the cab He had not noticed the was able to company, nor the city, but he was able to identify the driver. "He was Bart Liggett, from over at Lecust Grove. And what flahbergasted me was that he poked a \$100 bill at me to pay for the gasoline. It was the first time I ever knew him to have more than a sawhuck. He knew good and well nelody's kept change for a cen-tury note around Choteau since the ord-nance works shut down." Neither Liggett nor Pelly had men-

tioned their destination, the station oper-"But Liggett's got folks over at Lotust Grove," he continued. "And you might get a line on Pelly from a fellow over there Named Raymond Varm. He works for Pelly now and then."

"And Vann also worked for old Tom Tims," Burris commented as they drove away. "Suppose there's any connection?" "I wouldn't guess," Pugh replied. "Right now it's the connection between Bill Pelly and a century note in the taxicah that Speeding back to Locust Grove, the offi-

oers found Greathouse on the main street and quickly told him what they had learned. The marshal told them that Vann lived out in the country. lived out in the country.

"And if he's got any money," Greathouse added, "you won't find him at home. But that taxi driver's old Jim Liggett's nephew. And the story ties in with one I heard earlier today about a Tuha cab, with a wexam in it, nerved out here on the with a woman in it, parked out here on the road Sunday night." Sliding into the car with the others, he guided them to the Jim Liggett home on the outskirts of Locust Grove. The elderly

Note of New York | sa

man left his breakfast and came out on the porch, answering their questions readily. He said that his nephew, Bart, owned his own cal hut drove for a Tulsa company. own cah hut drove for a Tulsa company. The young man, he continued, had visited him on Saturday night and Sunday, returning to Tulsa on Sunday, right.

"Do you know surphing about a date be had with some surphing about a date be had with some girl beer? Burris asked.

Jim Liggett snorted. "All I know," he replied tartly, "is that if he didn't have a date, it wasn't Bart." He was certain, however, that the date had not included

Bill Pelly. He had not even known that his nephew left town with the man. Leaving Greathouse in Locust Grove to

Leaving Greathouse in Locust Grove to get a line on Vann, the others drove to Tulsa, 55 miles away. There, Tulsa County Sharriff Goorge Blathe put the full services of his office at their disposal as soon as he look beard the story. He assigned Chie Criminal Deputy Bruce Lovelace to work with them.

But the chase was not as easy as it had promised to be. Visiting the can company, the officers learned that Bart Liegett had not reported for work on either Monday or that Tuesday morning. At his lodgings, Liggett's landlady reported he returned to his room early Monday with another man, remained a short time and left.

At Burris' request, she described the

"That was Bill Pelly." the prosecutor The woman had no idea where Liggett and Pelly went after leaving the house, and to the three weary officers the trail seemed to have ended ahruptly. Lovelace, however, was more optimistic as they drove back to the courthouse. He prom-ised the sheriff's office and the city police would take up the hunt for the two men "If they're connected with the murder," he said, "they're smart enough not to run around the country in a taxicab that can be spotted a mile off. So they're probably he spotted a mile off. So they're probably still in town, and we'll find them." Lovelace was as good as his word, Early that afternoon he hammered on Burris' door with word that Liggett had been found in a suhurban tavern and been taken to the sheriff's office.

as they entered, the taxi driver stiffened in his chair and glared belligerently through a mild alcoholic fog. "Where's Bill Pelly?" Burris demanded sharply before the man could speak,
"What the hell do you think I am?" Lig-

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(SEAL) FEARINGTES SHITTS GREEN City Commission amples March 35, 1909.)

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gett swriech beek. "A watchdog or a bahy
steer?"
we're a guy who's in a nurrier case
up to his serm?" the prosecutor replied.
"Murrder?" Lispgett almost choked on
the word. But it subered him. He paled
and his bloodshot eyes swept the circle of
officers in sudden teror. "I didn't—
didn't...." He poused for breath. "You
coppers ain! too! any officers in sudden teror."

story, "Liggest agreed ruefully, "I'll talk I clidn't even know about the killin." Returning from his Sunday night dake, the cabble began, he had met Bill Pelly on Lound Grove's main street and the latter had offered Liggest \$10 to take him to Tulas. About out of funds, Liggest said he had saked Pelly for garoline money when they circured at Chost-

he had saked Pelly for guoline money when they stopped at Choteou.

"That was when be flashed the century note," Elgest said. "But I never thought a thing about it. I'm always gettin' some face who wants to play big abot by changin' all his money into one bill. So I just went ahead and showed it at the filler station guy."

Pelly And A Blonde

Reaching Tulsa the two had cleaned up at Liggett's room and Liggett had gone out with Polly to help spend the bill in a round of taverns. They parted on Monday night, both with dates.

"So now you've lost Polly." Burris finished exestically. "And that's going to be

rough—for you."
"I know where to find him," the cabbie protested. He gave the name of a second rate hotel bandy to some of the town's less restrained taverns. "Pelly's got a room, and he ought to still be there."
Releasing Laggett with a warning to remain in town in case he was wanted asign.

main in town in case he was wanted again, the officers hurried to the hotel and found that Pelly was registered. He had left the room, but his clothing was still there. "So we start checking the tavern traff again," Lovelace said. In the fourth piece they visited, Burris

In the fearth place they visited, Burris spotted the man sitting at a rear table with a sultry blonde. While the other officers guarded the exits, the county attorney walked back.

Burris stepped up to the couple. Pelly

plants temporary to the management of the state of the st

"We're not playing zames, Bill," Burris worned saftly.
"Olazy" Pelly seid, relaxing at last.
Specime tack to Pryor, Pelly strenuously denied any connection with the trutal murche of his agod englabor and for the period of the pell seid of the trutal murche of his agod englabor and trutal murche yellow of the trutal murche of his agod englabor and trutal murches the trutal murches of his pell seid of the pell seid of the trutal murches agod the pell seid of the trutal murches agod trutal trutal seid trutal trutal seid trutal trutal

the bartender at the tavers.
"What shout the \$100 bill you flashed at
Choleast" Burris probed.
"I got that at the bank in Pryor Saturday when I canbed my psycheck," Pelly
strapped, "and I can prove that, too."
The man's story was suspectiously pat.
But if it was true, nobody had to tell the

officers that they were starting again from scratch.

scratch.

"You may be giving us straight depe," Burris told him, "but whoever killed Tom Tims was plenty familiar with your place and his, and the path between them." "So what?" Pelly retorted. "Raif a dozen guys make a succetack out of that path. They trived it all the time. Raymond

whith, nor one. When they reached Pryor, Pugh bustled the suspect into the courthouse, while the the suppect into the courthouse, while "What to you think?" Snooks asked. "Tru afraid we've got the wrong pig by the ear," Burris admitted. "But I'm agong to hold Pelly until the sheriff's office can check his store."

check his story."

That was quickly done. Burris had scarcely finished his dinner that evening when Undersheriff Marion Son telephone that Pelly's albit was irocaled. The prosecutor ordered the man released.

"You amy good ideas?" he asked the

"Got any good ideas?" he asked the undersheriff glumly.

The same of the wire, Son hesistade. "You'd hardly call it an idea yet, he drawled. "But I got a tip a while ago that a bloodstamed bill had turned up at one of the bunks. We'll check on it first thing in the morning."

Burris was too worn out to be excited. But he told binself that nobody except a drunken man, or someone entirely innocent, would be pessing bloodstained messey. He remembered what Pelly had said, too. Raymond Vann was one of those who made a recetrack out of that path to Tom Time' back gate. Vann had worked for both Time and Pelly. So that was to be expected. Who were the others?

Bloody Bill Traced

The question was driven from his mind the next morning as he entered the courthouse and found Undersheriff Son and H. E. Senith, a Pryot tevern owner, waiting for him in the first floor couridor. He could feel the tension as Son beckoned "Smith's got one of those bills," the undersheriff amounced.

undersheriff announced.

The tavers man dug into his pocket and brought out a \$5 federal reserve note. A splotch of red balf as wide as, a man's thumh ran along one end. It was blood, there could be no mistake.

"Decould Ween mad that All in my

"Raymond Vann passed that hill in my place Monday night." Smith explained. "He and a sidekiok, Lester Twain, were out to bowl. Venn was buying the beer. They got erocked, and the hartender told them to leave. So Vanra slammed down that bill and waited out." "Deep the was the second of the second property of the second of the second of the "Borris bears".

drunk . . . "Burris began .

Son was way shead of him. "Exactly," the undersheriff snapped Swinging to the telephone, he ceiled eity police head-quarters. Then, after a few minutes conversation, he dropped the instrument back to its creatle and looked up. "Raymond Vann paid fines for intoxication for himself and Twain and walked out

off the city fall not three bours ago? be of the city fall not three bours ago? be announced bitterly. "The city police say he bed close to \$300 m his Jeans when he was picked up. That's about \$120 more than I ever know thin to have bedden \$200 more than I ever know thin to have bedden \$200 more than I ever know thin to have bedden \$200 more than I ever know thin to have bedden \$200 more "Raymond Venn's the man we want for that murder!" Burris agreed. "He and Lester Twain."

Wanting the pair was much simpler than finding them, bowever, as the officials quickly discovered. In the three hours since they had walked out of jail, Vann and Twain bad vanished completely. But while the hunt, spreading over three counties, turned up no trace of the suspects, it did yield more evidence of their

pparent guilt.

Vann, the officers learned, had left his vaim, the concers searced, and left has home some two miles from the Tims farm early on Sunday afternoon and had not returned. At Locust Grove, Marshal Greathouse found a man who had seen Greathouse found a man who hast seen Vann and Twain emerge from the woods on Bill Pelly's farm an hour after san-down on Sunday, and start walking west on the highway inward Locust Grove. With that lead, the officers redoubled their search. But as Thursday wore on, they feared the suspects had taken to the they feared the suspects had taken to the woods which Vann knew so well. Then, shortly after noce, the day marginal at Salina, eight miles north of Lecust Grove, telephoned that he had arrested Twain there, but that Vann had jumped into a taxkeab and sped south.

Son flished the word to Locust Grove where Deputy Sheriff Grimes and Morshal Greathouse were working together. These two men droye out along the narrow gravel road connecting the two towns and arrived just in the nick of time. Two miles beyond the edge of town, Grimes swung his car across the road as a speeding aedan bore down on them.

The car slowed to a halt 23 yards away. a rear door and raced toward the woods. noring the officers' commands to halt.

In one swift movement, Grimes drew his pistol and fired two shots in warning, then pisto; and fired two snoos in warring; a third so close that it almost brushed the fugitive's cheek. Raymond Vann halted in his tracks and his hands went up

Taken to the courthouse in Pryor for questioning, both Vann and Twain stub-hornly denied my connection with Tom Time' murder.

"There's just one fellow who can get the truth out of Vann," Grimes said when the pair had been led back to their cells. "That's his grandiather. The old man's First's his grandistner. Les out leave square shooter and a good citizen, and a Square saccor and a good entrage, and it hate to ring him in on this case. But Raymond knows better than to lie to him." "Then get him in here if he'll come vol-untarily." Burrts said.

It was a tough mission, but the elder Vann consented to help. The officers knew that Grimes had been right when they brought Raymond Vann in to confront his grandfather under the lights in the sheriff's office that evening. Raymond met the older man's gaze once, then averted his

eyes.
"Tell the truth, Raymond," the elder Vann admonished quietly.
His 24-year-old grandson flinched as if he had been struck with a lash. he had been struck with a lash.

The old man took the canwas glove which
Trooper Pugh handed him and passed it on
to Raymond. "Try it on for a fit!" hor
cordered. The suspect looked at the mended
place, then mechanically thrust the glove
into his pocket. The dder Vann came up

into his pocket. The elder Vann came up from his chair as if in physical pain. "You killed him, then, didn't you, Ray-mond?" girle eloked his voice. Raywood Vann hung his head. "Yes," he zobbed "I killed him." He took the rest of the atory after his grandfather had left the room. He had learned of Tom Time' savings, he related, during the time that he worked for the during the time that he worked for the old man, and had observed that Tims usually carried the money in his pecket. Short of each on the preceding Sunday, he had planned to ask Tims for a loan. But in case the old man refused, he ad-mitted, he had carried with him a length of inch nice with a "" on one end so

that it made a murderous hammer. Pos-session of the weapon had given him an-other idea as he walked through the woods. He decided to slug the old man and take all of the savings. But he in-sisted that he had not intended to kill

Tims heard him enter. Rising. Time hours nom enter. Issue, no glanced around just as Yann struck the first blow. That action had sealed his death warrant. Knowing that he had been recognized and would face a long

term in prison, Vann said he had grabbed the axe from its place in the corner and started stashing Tims with it. "I just couldn't stop!" he sobbed. As he gained control over his panic, Vann told the officers that he had taken

the two pocketbooks containing the money and fled. But in his baste he had knocked over the lamp.

Vann took all responsibility for the crime, exonerating Twain. He declared the spot where they had been seen at the road, and after he had discarded the two weapons and the pocketbooks.

The next day, April 18, 1919, Raymond Vann led the officers to a spot on the Bill Pelly farm, just off the field where the bloodhounds had lost the scent. There he helped them find Tom Tims' two empty purses and the pipe and the axe with which he had murdered his victim. That afternoon County Attorney Burris filed first degree murder charges against both Vann and Twain in spite of their repeated donials that Twain was involved in

Raymond Vann was immediately raigned before Justice of the Peace G. E Hendrix at Pryor, who ordered him held without bond for district court trial.

Charges against Twain are still on file as
this is written, but County Attorney Burris has indicated that he may not push them in view of Vann's statement.

Euron's Now: The names Bill Pelly, Bart and Jim Lippett and Leater Tunin, used in this story, are fictitious.

Clues to the Outdoors (Continued from now 9) proves to be one solution to the problem

of the man who wents a good shooting dog. How they will prove in competition with the fast setters and pointers at the hig Southern field trials no one knows ut some Weimeraner owners are exhibitbut some wemeraner owners are examin-ing knowing, confident smiles.

One of the Weimeraners over which I shot was just under a year old, but his field work, was surprisingly good. He quartered the cover perfectly, and at an almost incredible speed, and to prove that he ded not miss a bird in the process, the trainer retraced the area with two fine pointers. Not one bird was found. When the Weimeraner sounts a hird he seems to pause in mid-leap, land on special shock absorbers and freeze on point. Even the puppy was steady to wing and shot, and retrieved exceptionally well.

Regardless of the dog you select hou-ever the result will be more pleasure in your days afield, plus the knowledge that your days amen, pus the knowledge that in using a dog you are practising real conservation. It may seem strange that hy using something which provides more game you are conserving game, but hard, cold facts prove this to be true. An appulling number of birds are brought down and never recovered. The man who takes a

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two-bird limit, on pheasants for example, does not count in that limit the hirds he shot at, and perhaps mortally wounded, but did not recover. With a dog, even a mediocre one, your chances of recovering

mediacre one, year chances of recovering wounded or dend brins are excellent. Many who do not use pointing dogs employ retrieves or spannies, said they find that the smount of game recovered per stot increases several fold. All of this does not completely give the reason for the present trend to own a hunting dog, but regardless of the reason, the trend should be encouraged.

about to entouringles will find that his log means to the field is increased immeasurably by the dog, whether hound or brid dog, and many have discovered that there is more pleasure in withhing the dog work man. It is not the abouting that haves sportanea, to the game covers, for ever on a good any it is seldens that a bratter spends more than a to see entireliment the justice is the property of the control of the control of the covers.

vides the siturction.

The possession of a dog provides sport long after the rather brief bunting session is over, for in short all research of the control of the control of the compete with solusi hunting in sport unity. It loow many spertness who now spend only a fraction of the time in the other control of the situation. The colour and regional fined competitions. This is listed in a real conservation measure, for the Briefs released at each trials tend to increase the released as each trials tend to increase the released of the colour specific the colouring research to the colouring research that the colouring research to the colouring research that the colour

Case of the Hungry Killer

(Continued from page 23)

knife and fork and spoon, even if she's just going to give you chasse and crockers. We'll here there's nothing but a fork. And look at the beene, eaten cold right out of the can. No, six, Sheriff, no worass ever prepared that meal."
"What do you make of it?" Newbill

"I don't know for sure," Marston replied. "But I can't figure a stranger wandering in here looking for valuables and taking time off to fix himself a meal. Then, too, this killer must have known that the Spindles were thought to be out of town and nobody would be bothering him for

"You may be right," Newbill agreed, "On the other hand, it's pure specialistics."
"Not campletally," Marston regilled, "I have other reasons for flishing the killer was the property of the property of the property of the property of the was an old led-pange and that wouldn't have permitted resuld firing. The other was a double-barreled ill-pange, I think wouldn't have permitted resuld firing. The other was a double-barreled ill-pange, I think marsten, and the property of th

armed, but more water to could be weapons.

"Year fe midding up a pretty good cose," the sheerif ministed. "But everyone around to the propie are inclined to think the tiller was a stranger who had the place spotted as an easy touch."

After the police photographers had com-

die was brought into the nouse. A quick-witted, intelligent girl, she minimized the importance of the woman's hat and the neckpiece. "I think these belonged to Helen," she said. "The hat is the same size she wore and I'm sure I saw her wearing the fur when she and Frank came back from their homeymoon."

came cacet from their annaymouther of The girl was able to list a more way as a small table radio, Helen's wristwaten, Frank's watch and several pieces of jewcley that had been kept in a leather box on the dresser. She gave accurate descriptions of them all.

"How did you know so much about

"How did you know so much about these items?" Marston asked admiringly. "I notice a lot of things," the girl said simply, "and I sak a lot of questrons. As a matter of fact, I'd like to ask you one now."

Marston, a bit takeen book by her aploomb, invited her to go ahead.
"Have you thought much about Uncle Frank's car being found near Aubeville? Helen came from Asheville, and I understand Frank took ber away from a man she'd been going with a long time. He didn't like it."

The investigator showed lively interest in the girl's statement "Waz Helen ever threastened by this mini!" Did she merition she was afrasid of kin!" he asked berethy Mae conceded that nothing like this had occurred. "Did anyone from Asheville ever visit

her?" persisted Marston.

"Int her brother, David. He stopped beer for a few days on his way back from New York, but he left around the first of the mouth."

Marston acted promptly on the girl's mformation. He dispatched a complete

information. The dispensive a discreption of the missing strikes to state headquarters for a teletype relay over the Eastern asters hockup, together with a request to Asheville authorities to make a check on former serious to the state of the state of

gram in a routine check of the victim's business relations, revealed that Spinides was supposed to have fired a young helper recently for playing up to his, wide. "Might not mean much, but the rumor was around that Spinide was plenty sore at the gay." "Enow his name?" saked largram. "Either Dotton or Dawson, You can find him in Mechanicsville. I understand he's working there now."

ingram and Mails sped to Mechanicsrille, a town approximately 30 miles south Marston, who had been advised of the tip, questloned Spindle and his nucce about the incident, but both denied any knowledge of it, although the young girl admit-

ted that Frank was extremely lealous of his wife.

The police sergeants had little difficulty running down the man in Mechanicaville. They returned in a little over an hour with a handsome, buselfsy-built youth. He gave his name as Fireming Dawson, and precaptly admitted that he worked for a

brief time for Spindle.

"But I warn't fired on account of his wife. I quit," he asserted. "When we ware hary at the stop, it looked to me as if Prank war trying to load all the work on the stop of the stop of

left his job. There was nothing on which to hold the youth and he was soon re-

leased.

On the following morning word came from the following morning word came from the following morning word came from the following from the following from the following from the following morning from the following f

returns while reddents of the mories remote continued to speciate on the notice for the absyling and on possible outperts. As the starting sphered volume, the corners of the starting sphered volume, the corners of the Spinile bases startled investigators by the spinile base startled investigators by the spinile base startled investigators by "May vide and I are both sure about the data," this informant said. "Fund: came with him, a fellow who deliberately look in that struck to as strongs was the man with him, a fellow who deliberately look in the with the late of the structure of the strongs was the man with him, a fellow who deliberately look in the with the late of the strongs was the man with him, a fellow who deliberately look in the within the with the base to me the within the sense prevention.

with his book to me use whose said a word and seemed impatient for Frank to complete his purchase."

In response to Trooper Blackburn's urging, the groose described the man as of medium height, thin, wearing a dark blue suit and a gray hat. The hair at the back of his nack was thick, light in color and 'kind of shappy."

Minutes later Blackburn, using the gro-Minutes later Blackburn, using the gro-

cur's information as a lead, had found other people in the wideling who had noticed the supported by the state of the supported in the wideling of the supported had not a force zero. The supported had not a manded to the supported in the supported had not when the came for the mail.

"While Releas was gutting a letter in her purse, the dropped in real of bills, the purse, had dropped in real of bills, the purse, the dropped in real of bills, the man there was 1500 there she could well use. We kidded back and forth for a forter of the support of the support of the support downway, dirth ray a word. He was drownway, dirth ray a word. He was for Releas and walked away with her." In

stranger might fave some seguiteance, Blackburn promptly notified Marston.
"We'll ack Robert about him," the state official said. "He may know who the mon in."
Latenting carefully to the description, the murdered man's brother furned sterded eyes toward his nices. "Sounds like Dave McGallhard, doesn't it?"
Dorothy Mas modded, "it certainly does!

Duffully as the must have been-Halen's brother, Dave."
Halen's brother, Dave."
Halen's brother, Dave."
Halen's brother, Dave."
Halen's brother dust been dust betoo the must be more than the contraction of the must be dust bereason to the must be dust be dust betoo the must be dust be dust beprome was going to drive him to the bus station. Dave wanted to visit his folks at Asheville.

at Asheville."
"He didn't talk about it much," added Dorothy Mae, "but I think he was trying to get his wife to meet him there. They were separated, and he was trying to make up with ber."

Of the Seas staton in Tappelasmock, Marston icamed that Frank Spindle had fleated in camed that Frank Spindle had been in around 2:30 on the afternoon of March 2. There was a non staywering McGalliard's description with him. However, Spindle left atter learning the bus would be approximately an hour late. Further checking revealed that a collect

call had been made from the single booth in the station to a Mrs. McGalllard Bessemer, Ala. The call was put through at 3:10 P.M. Office rebords, however, showed no sale of a single thick to either a Korth Carolina or Alabama destination on that date.

Marston immediately sent a wired request to the Bessemer police to question Mrs. McGallard about the call, and to determine if David was there prior to March 4. He then sped back to the Loretto community.

It was a little after midnight when Marston heard from the Bessemer authorities. They reported that Mrs. McGalliard had left town abortly after receiving a long-distance call from her husband pleading for a reconciliation. According to relstives, the husbard head admitted being broke, but assured her that he would have some money in a few days. They had no

sides where the woman was.

"Il McSalliaced is our man," Prosecutor
Gertim and, "there's our motive. He was
"an and," there's our motive. He was
desperately to get back to Ashevilla,
gave him money to get back to Ashevilla,
gave him money to get back to Ashevilla,
more even fie had to marrier for it! He
probably returned to the Spindle horse,
more even fie had to marrier for it! He
probably returned to the Spindle horse,
trying to keep out of spirit to neighbors
trying to keep out of spirit to neighbors
eventhalish mit had been been been and
everything was and, he struck."

"I dirth help our man, all right," Mac"I dirth help our man, all right," Mac-

everything was asfa, he struck."

Think he's our man, all right, "Mac"Think he's our man, all right," Machim before. He fits perfectly."

"What do you mean?" Carling speed.

"What do you mean?" Carling speed.

"Supplied to the speed of the speed of

Loot Recovered

Then, on the fourth day of the grobe Boncombe. County Daily and "Both Boncombe County Daily and "Both Boncombe County Daily and "Both Boncombe County Boncombe

The sheriff swore out a warmat naming McGalliard as the murderer of Frank and Helen Spindle. Ther, convinced that the suspect was in flight southward, he notified the FBH, and Richard Auerhach, agent-in-chapte of the Richmond office, promptly began a hent for the suspect, promptly began a hent for the suspect, gauge shoughau was found in a Richmond pawrathep. The article had been left at 3 FM, on the afternoon, of March S.

Four days after this discovery, on Marris Q, far-ranging G-men, in an exhaustive check of tourist homes and hotels, learned that a man suovering McGallact's declared to the same of Rasal blooms from on Morris Morris Routh's Reput of Routh's Reput of Routh's Reput of Routh's Routh of Routh's A squad of agents headed by James A. Robey nabbed "Davis" as he left a Gey Street soft along. They's research protections that he was made of Rasal Routh's Routh'



For several years a number of declars have reported results of the property of



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ANY PHOTO ENLARGED to Size 8x10 Inches 31 street methods 37 street methods and 10 street Send No Money 3 for \$1 Send No Money 3 for \$1 and 10 miles methods and 10 street method local FBI office, be giumly admitted he was McGallind, but bastedly denied any knowledge of the Virginia slayings. Placed under \$20,000 bond as a fugitive from justice, McGalliard first indicated that he would fight extradition, then amnounced that he was willing to return to Virginia. "I haven't a thing to fear I never killed anyone in my life," he blandly some based on the property of the prosenior back and orgors it."

Some neets and prove it.

If Newbill's office, he dismissed the evidence against him with a flippant wave of his hand. Til doesn't concern me in the you bring me to trial, the better I'l like it.

An Essex County grand jury returned three months later, on June 27, McGallard, at blighty stirred in a pearl-gray said, and the said of the said

possed Rase Courty control and Darting the wavel-long presentation. Darting the wavel-long presentation of the matter of its augment, laboration of the nature of the augment, laboration of the nature of the augment, laboration of the matter of the present of the control wavel, facilities of the control wavelength of the control

He explained that be bud fled the scene without notifying the authorities because he was distraight and confused. As for taking the meetry and valuables, he had to be the scene of the sce

them for the money I could get," he insisted.

Presecutor Carltoe pulled the manstory apart. "Everything David McGolliard has said is an enormous lie to concail an enormous crime," be contended. "En planned the murden, calmly essecuted

District, and other field with everything of bridge he could by his hands on." He pointed out that Frank Spiridle was found in bod in a posture of repose, the bridclothes still covering his hody; that be had no blood on his hands, knees, or feet, despite MrGalliard's contention that the two struggled over the bloody body of Helen Spiridle. Trast MrGalliard patiently awaited his

chapte to atrike was classly aboven by
the condition of the bod in the apart
room, Carlion asserted. The amount
and the pillow, the carefully turned back
covers, proved that McColliard had begine
deep alsee, the had steatibility event from
the bed to carry out his disabethy limmight of the crime until his capture. If
days later, the prosecutor aummod up
were cumningly designed to drug the suvers cumningly designed to drug the su-

At a little after 2 o'clock on the afternoon of July 9, the case went into the hands of the jury. In less than two hours it returned with the worklet-guilty of murder in the first degree. The convicted man's punulement was fixed at life imprisonment in the state penitentary. The defense filed notice of appeal, but as this is written no date had been set for its hearing.

Entrox's Note: To spare possible embarrassment to invocent persons the names Creech Attend and Flexing Danson, used in this storu, are fictitious.

Take a Number . . .

(Continued from none 27)

"Five and two," he announced Across the page his finger traveled, hovering over the listing of hank clearings in major cities of the nation, finally stoucing at the Cincinnati report. Second

digit.

"Five," be read. "They pay off today on SZS."

A groan traveled up and down the har. The barteeder drew another beer and walked to the end of the counter where he thrust it under the solitary drinker's

noze.

"You deaft" be said, "Didn't you hear? Five-two-five came in."

If you show the come in."

Joy brightness dhe man's face. "I keye had been said to be said to

Moe came in an hour later. He took the winner's slip and scanned it carefully. "Okny," he said finally. "You had us for half a huck. You got \$300 coming. If a big hit, buddy. How do you want it?"

"Any way. Yesh, it's a high it. And how I needed it. Got a did sick in the boughts. I have been a did sick in the boughts. The part of the second of the sec

The glasces slid down the bor. Mos hadn't moved. "How about me?" he asked.
"Sure, you get a drink, too. Even a tip, you've dearn right I get a tip. One hundred points—haif a C-note. That's my share, for selling you the ticket."
"Fitty bucket" What's the idea!" The

"Fifty bucket." What's the ideal." The wincer peeled off a ten-spot. "Here, we wincer peeled off a ten-spot. "Here, Moe said nothing He pocketed and left. Here was the said to have been all the statements and the said to the deal. That's what they always get." It was the said to the deal to the deal to the said to the deal. The said to the deal to the said to the

quarter from the customer's change. "I don't drink on duty," the explained. "Look, buddy, take a tip from ma You'll never get even playing numbers. And don't walk any dark streets the most few rights. Moe an't going to like getting on the control of 40 backs he figures helongs to the control of 50 backs to figures helongs. There from Mr. 525 two nights later in an alleyway, his nose, jaw and three ribs broken. All he could tell the cops was that two men jumped him from behind. He never saw them. They didn't take any money: just slugged bell out of him ron n ran. He also told about hitting the number He sign told about hitting the numbers, jackpot, and the musging report, instead of dying on a precinct captain's blotter, eventually found its way to the district atternay's office. From the D.A.'s headattorney's office. From the D.A.'s head-quarters in Richmond, as the Staten Island borough is known officially, the story of what had hamened to Mr. 525 cent on to Manhattan and the akvacraner

flices of Frank S. Hogan, the combative district attorney whose war on crime nows no armistice or truce.

There, in the guarded beadquarters of Hogan's force in one wing of the massive new gravitone Criminal Courts Building. e report was furned over to Alfred J Scotti, the sosistant district attorney in

It was not a new story to Scotti. In umbers, or policy, racket were many to it. There were other stories, too, falsologyly dozens of them—tales of fabulously wealthy racketeer barons, of little people muleted of sorely needed dollars, of sorboal children who went without landous to band over their nickels and dimes to numbers collectors.

Scotti knew the history of the racket from its beginnings in America, when from the tropics. The numbers game attracts the poor because it offers a possible realization of their greatest dream, to escape poverty one rich stroke. You can bet the horses, if you've got that kind of money, and get back maybe ten to one if you hit a long shot. You can try the dice and quadruple your

stake with a bot streak. You can play poker or rummy and pick up a few itmes. But the numbers racket nave off Of course there's a cutch to it. choose any number you wish of three digits—like 525—and buy a ticket for anything from a penny to \$5; Wall Streetdough do go for a numbers bet now and then, although the average ticket is for comes up, on whatever asis of play the collector's gang stipu-tics. But the actual ocids are 939 to one. reulette wheel, with its zero and suble zero numbers, puts sside roughly about eight or nine per cent of all moneys played for the house. The parimutuel achines at a racetrack retain from

per cent for the owners gambling devices, when honestly gaming devices, when nonestry op-erated, keep anywhere from three to ten per cent for the house. But the numbers racketser takes better than 30 per cent That is, he takes only about 30 or 35 or cent when the payoff is on a straight Too often it is not

The winning numbers are determined by various means. Clearing house and stock exchange figures always have been evorites; the suckers are convinced these an't be rigged. But occasionally, when fficials of these financial opportunitions learned that their published reports were fattening numbers racketsers, they withheld publication of such statistics to foil he nolicy gangs. The operator however always will find some method of making the play. And then he will look for, and usually find,

me methed of fixing the numbers source

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to his own liking-so that it will pay off on the number least played, and thus enhance his profit by thousands of dollars The intake on the numbers racket is enormous. Authorities have estimated if at more than two billions a year. The money comes chiefly from the poor, who find here their only chance to gamble, for a collector will take a het of a penny or a nickel. Some 20 years ago the policy racket—is not its name from the habit of players spending their life insurance policy pre-

mium money on numbers tickets-in New York City operated chiefly in Harlem. Then a sudden run on two "lucky" numbers that hit several times within a short period, forced the operators to the At the time the biggest racketeer in

town was Dutch Schultz. The policy kings of Harlem went to him for money to tide them over. Schultz looked into the policy business-then advanced the money, and moved in. He and his henchmen run it into hig business, but the Dutchman wasn't content with the 30 per cent take. He saw a chance to make it even bigger, and he

Schultz had a masterful executive knack of finding and fitting round pegs into round holes. He had Dixie (Mouthpiece) Davis, one of the shrewdest criminal awyers of his day, ready for any defense He had a measure of protection through be had Otto Berman, a gentleman of several aliases, the most popular of which

Abadaba was a mathematical wizerd, or so his logered has it. A nort of com-bination Chinese abacus, adding machine and IBM setup all in one. In 1933 Ahadaha got \$10,000 weekly for attending the horse races in Cincin-The numbers racket was paying off at the time on a set of digits in the parimutuel tote at the Cincinnati track Just before the payoff race, Abedaba would get a call from New York. He would get the "weak" numbers for the day—those on which the least money had

New Abadaha would watch the tote board, his mathematical mind working like some electronic calculator. Just before the betting closed, if the tote digits ran against the numbers combine, Abadaba would shovel money into the machines. just the right amount to bring the totals up with the digits needed to protect the chuitz racket

He had great talent. But all it carned him was a start in the head when he was shot down with the Dutchman in an integring feud in Newark, N. J., in the Assistant District Attorney Scotti had this, and much more information, in his assession when the story of Mr. 525 come to his attention. He had known for some time that a

mammoth numbers ring was in operation mammoth numbers ring was in operation doing heavy business on Staten Island And he knew, also, that this outfit die not venture into Manhatian, Brooklyn the Bronx or Queens.
The reason, he suspected, was that an

other mob had control of these rich areas and any muscling in would be welcome with an old-fushsoned gang war of which none of the principals wanted any part. Scotti talked with Thomas M. Fay, chief investigator for District Attorney Hogan, and Acting Captain William P. Grutand Acting capsain without an acker, head of the detective force as signed to the district attorney's office.

"This outfit," Scotti said, "is well organ. ized, ruthless, operating much like the on a larger scale. Get on it."

It took a lot of legwork, a lot of talking with stoolpigeons, a lot of hanging around

bars and cheap cigar stores on States leand. Some months passed before the cautious dicks working out of the New York D. A's office learned anything more that numbers tickets could bought here, there or another place of

"We haven't got a thing we can pin on anyone," Fay reported to Scotti. "Except ticket sales by a few punks, and if we ticket sales by a few punks, and it we nabbed them the gang would just find other outlets. But we know this. Head-quarters for the ring—and it's a big one, all right-are located somewhere in Newark

Newark, a dozen miles across the Huc son River from Manhattan, the city of half a million people where Dutch Schulta was slain while enjoying a beer party, had apawned its share of big-time mobilers Most of them were known in the D. A.'s office in New York City. Most of them

would bear watching "There's something more to this," said Captain Grafapeker. "Remember the funny payoffs when Schultz was rigging the daily numbers? Well, the same pat-tern's repeating now." Scotti asked for an explanation. Graf-necker explained. Numbers players are a superstitious lot. They favor certain com-

birations. Like 711 in the Harlem ctrbinations. Like 711 in the Harlem ctr-cuit, a great favorite. It had been the num-bers 275 and 725 that nearly broke the bank for the Harlem operators back in 1933. Certain combinations, gleaned from dream books, freen current events, from "lucky" dates, got big plays. "But none of these ever seem to hit," Grafnecker said. "The payoffs are few One guy in a place. The hig plays just seem to get lost."

"And what do they pay off on?" Scotti wanted to know. Grafnecker explained the setup. first two numbers were the second and third digits of the noon report on bond asles by the New York Stock Exchange The last digit in the lucky number for the day came from the second number for in the daily report of the Cincinnati Clear-

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wered their ordest wasing with only a macking smile. When Mae Engle was found brutally beaten to death in her lavely farmhouse, her well-filled purse antauched, police sought a jeolous sloyer from among her hast of admirers Each had an alibi. For the stary of this climactic battle of wits between detec tives and an elesive killer, he sure to get your copy of the January issue of

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"How could those numbers be rigged?" Scotti challenged. Captain Grafnecker shrugged. He

couldn't guess. But if there was any-thing queer about the daily payoffs, he said, it logically would be in the Cincinnati numeral. "That," he said, "would be the only control that would mean anything he first two digits come through just after noon, too early for the mob to pack the right number to win. And they'd still be unable to handle the final control." Scotti, remembering that it was in Clincinnati that Dutch Schultz engineered his coup, reminded his men to look carefully into anything that had a connection with Ohlo's Queen City.

More time passed. Then a tail reported that one William Tiplitz, 48, of Newark, once a henchman of Prohibition bootlessur Abner (Longy) Zwillman, had an unusual interest in two things

One was a brokerage office in Newark where the Stock Exchange bond sales were posted. The other was a telephone tion center and poolroom in the Times Square district in Manhatian, a spot run y a man named Edward Kane, 44, of rooklyn.

The poolroom's phone was tapped. Of interest to the listeners was the fact that once daily a call was made to Cin-

Inc conversations seemed innocess tough. "I have one ticket for you today. Il I could get," was a sample. But the mere fact of a daily call to Cincinnati aroused Scotti's suspicion. He ran down the number in the Ohio city. It was that of the clearing house associa-

tion there!

More wire taps were made. Even the FBI joined in the investigation, since the lottery ring now apparently had inter-state ramifications. A detective from Scotti's office went to Cincinnati and soon was an employe in the clearing house where representatives of all banks in Cincinnati met daily to report their check transac-tions. These, totaled, were combined into one figure known as the clearing house report. Its only significance was as a busi-ness barometer. The figure was released as a matter of practice to newspapers and press wire associations for national dis-

But, assuming the Newark numbers ring was rigging the daily number to pay off the least possible amount of winnings, how could the gang control the Cincin-nati hank figures? Who compiled and reported this figure each day?

The answer to this latter question our zled Scotti deeply. For the Cincinnati clearing house total was handled by Dennison Duble, secretary-manager of the

White-haired, 57-year-old Duble had held this post for 20 years, resigning a partnership in a brokersaje firm to accept the position after the death of his father. who had held it before him. Duble was highly regarded in Cincin

nati financial circles, and was one of the most prominent residents of an exclusive suburb. A thirty-third degree Mason, he looked the part of a successful banker and played the role of a respectable business and family man. It seemed incredible that he could be involved with a band of Newark racketeers in a policy wager fix. Indeed, several years earlier. Duble several years earlier, himself had taken some steps to prevent the use of his clearing house figures by numbers operators. However Assistant District Attorney Scotti was confronted with a fact he

could not dismiss. A telephone call was

made daily from Kane's poolroom to the Cincinnati clearing house office, and the New York rackets buster had reason to believe that the cryptic messages delivered in these calls dealt directly with numbers mab's business.

The wire taps were continued. Tiplita' ttivities were closely scanned. Bit by activities were closely scanned. Bit by hit, piece by piece, the structure of the gigantic policy ring began to take shape. Early in July of 1949 two small-time collectors were nabbed on Staten Island. By this time the assistant district attorner knew that the ring operated chiefly on Staten Island, in New Jersey and in Ohio. He knew also that it was a \$50,000,000-ayear concern. And he was positive that the daily numbers were being fixed so that the same paid off only on a very weakly played set of digits.

Police Move In

Evidence found in possession of the two Staten Island collectors fixed Scotti's reso-On July 25 he struck, in Newark, in New York and in Cincinnati. Tiplitz was arrested as he left a midtown Manhattan telephone making a call to Kane. He had \$6,000 in his pockets when dete

Kane was picked up and with him was rrested Martin Martinson, 36, a cook in his establishment who, according to the York district attorney, subbed for his base on the telephone relay when That night Fay, Captain Grainecker and

Assistant District Attorney Andrew J. Seidler went to Newark. There they were joined by District Attorney Duane E Minard of Newark, Colonal Charles Schooffel of the New Jersey state police and Captain William Keaton of the state

With a picked squad of men, they raided the expensive home of Daniel Zwillman. in the swank Weequahic section, one Newark's finest residential districts Zwillman was a cousin of Longy Zwill-ian. In Dunny's fine house, the raiders said, they found large amounts of paraphernalia used by the numbers ring. described the residence as the ouse" for the gang's operations.
The home of Nat Levinson, 59, in New-

ark, was next on the list. Additional pol-ky game supplies were found here, the D.A.'s men slieged. Also arrested on this night was Anthony Strollo, alias Tony Bender, whom District Attorney Hogan described as a leading underworld character who often associated with such big shots as Joe Adonis and Vito Genovese-who, incidentally, lived in the same block with

Charged with conspiracy to contrive a lottery, Zwillman, Levinson and Tiplitz were held in \$100,000 hail each. Such high bond was demanded because the district attorney's office feit the prisoners would not be safe if allowed to rosm at large. Early on July 28 four more men were nabbed in the policy racket cleanup. Chief among these was Irving Bitz, 46, a Prohi-

It was Bitz who, with Salvatore Spitale, was named by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in 1902 as an underscorld intermediary in a fruitless search for the kidnamed Lindbergh halve. It was Bitz who was questioned in vain in the famous 1923 "bag" murder of a small-time New York stoolnisson whose body was left in a car (Continued on page 72)

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in front of police headquarters in Man-hattan. Bitz, with a record of 12 arrests and two convictions, also was interrogated in the gangland slaying of the notorious Jack "Legs" Diamond in 1920. Now he was implicated in the higgest policy setup of all time. Bitz had been employed as a circulation inspector on an afternoon newspaper in New York City. Grabbed with him was Ahraham Goldberg, an assistant circula-tion memager on the paper. Scotti said these two, with access to the press room, got early editions of the paper and phoned the bond sale figures to either Emilio (Sam) Strollo, Anthony Strollo's brother, who ran a check cashing husiness in Man-hattan, or to Jack Feldman, 48, who owned a cigar store near Strollo's place

(Continued from page 69)

Emilio Strollo and Feldman, also arrested, then passed this information along the same's beadquarters, the district attorney charged In possession of the first two digits of the daily psyoff number, bookkeepers for the mob quickly tabulated the thousands

of hets made for the day, and found at last the one set hearing the first two digits already known, on which the playwas lightest.
Tholats then called Kane, and steve him the number the mob wanted to come up. Kane phoned Cinginnati and in code cave the desired third digit. The plearing house total then was fixed to produce house total then was fixed to produce that number. The gang poelected the heavy sugar, paid off on lean hets. While the arrests were being made in the East, Assistant District Attorney Augustus Marchetti was in Ginermani with Delective Edward Ftrypatrick.

With Cincinnati officers, Marchetti faced private office "We have the evidence, Mr. Duhle," he id. "For a year and a half you have been juggling your figures, following in-

structions from the heads of the policy gang in the East." Duble did not deny the charge. In fact, he professed relief at the exposure. Saveral times, be said, he'd tried to pull out of the ring, but threats of violence kept him in line

His arrest shocked Cincinnati. He resisted his post in the clearing house immediately, and said he was willing to re-turn to N w York City to talk with the district atturney's men.
In New York he was charged with conspiracy to contrive a lottery and, at the request of District Attorney Hogan, was paroled to Hogan's bureau in "protective

At first Duble said he had received only a few hundred dollars for his services to the mob, but evidence unearthed by wire tans indicated that his cut was something

above \$40,000 over a period of several years. For days Duble talked with the district attorney's men. Hogen would release nothing he learned from the Cincinnati banker, but hinted that from his

information might come leads to "higherup" in the policy.

On August 11, 1949, District Attorney
Hogan presented his evidence to a grand
jury, and nine members of the gang each
were indicted on one count of conspiracy were Buble, Kane, Zwilman, Tiplitz, Levinson, Goldberg, Bltz, Emilio Strollo and Feldman. Anthony Strollo and Mar-

and Feldman. Anthony Strollo and mar-tin Martinson were not indicted at this time, but it was expected that they would be in the near future. Zwillman, Tiplitz and Levinson were held in Newark for hearings there, while the New York men were continued in extremely high bail. Duble was continued in custody of the D. A.'s office. The big ring was broken. Hogan and Scotti were sure of that. The fixed numbers trick had been completely exposed. But both Hogan and Scotti were too wise in the ways of human nature to bope that the policy rarket was out of business for good.

For even though they are shorton an honest 630 to one payoff, even ways be plenty of suckers who never get



Elden Beerhower lost all of his hair at the age of 12. Three years later, still completely hald, Elden begin to use Brandenfel? Scalp and Hair Applica-tions and Manner, Abayo, Elden alon 8 works use.

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PRINCIPLES OF HAIR GROWTH

Scientists agree that the hair will continue to Scientists agree that the bair will continue to grow as iong as the bair follide remains un-damaged and as long as nothing interferes with the blood supply to the scrip. Carl he-liers that in many hald or pertially hald peo-ple, bair follides are alive even though no late is growing from them. Carl does not classify his formulas and massage with the so-called blood supply to the scalp area.

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Allest towered being the control Point, Org.,

age 63; "I was completely baid for two years.

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